

The Kynges Psalmes

The firste Psalm, ¹²⁶
the obteynng remission of synnes.

O Lozde of Lozdes, God
almightie, greates and
steadfull, whiche by
thy loude haile made hea-
uen, yearth, the Sea, and all
thynges contained in them.

Nothyng is hable to resist
thy power, thy mercie is o-
uer all thy woorkes.

All thynges be vnder thy
command and rule: both man

A. y. and

The Kynges

beaste, and all liuyng
creatures.

Thou arte mercifull too
whom thou wilt: and haste
compassion on whom it plea-
seth thee.

Thy counsaile shall stand
for ever: and what so ever
thou wilt shall be doen.

Power, Dominiion, and
Glorie is thine: whiche arte
aboue all thynges, and in all
thynges, and in vs all.

Thou arte father of mer-
cies, and GOD of all grace,
peace,

Psalmes.

peace, and comforte: whiche
wilt not the death of sinne:
nor delight in the damna-
tion of soules.

O Lorde God, whiche art
riche in mercie, and of thyne
especiall loue towards vs,
euen when wee were thyne
enemies by sinne, didst sende
into the worlde thyne onely
begottē sonne Iesus Christ:
that whosoener belueth tru-
ly in hym, shall not perishe,
but haue euerlastyng life.

Haue mercie vpon me, haue

A. iiij. mercie

The Kynges

mercie vpon me; accoꝝding
to thy greate merite.

And accoꝝding to the mul-
titude of thy mercies, put a-
waie myne offences.

O God moste holy, waite
me from my wretchednes, and
make me cleane from myne
uncleannesse.

For I acknowledge (O
Lorde) my heinous synnes:
and accuse my self of myne
vnrightheous deedes.

I confesse against my self,
the wickednesse of my hart,
whiche

Psalmes.

whiche hath been euer vn-
faithfull, and rebelling a-
gainst thy pzeceptes.

I haue been an vntrue and
a froward childe to thee, and
haue prouoked thee with my
vanities.

O holie father, I haue of-
fended thy diuine Maestie:
and am not worthy to bee
called thy sonne.

Because I prouoked thee
to anger, through the multi-
tude of my synnes: and haue
not exercised my self in thy
A.iiij. right.

The Kynges

righteous lawes.

I haue turned backe from
thy waies, and doen euill be-
fore thee.

I haue doen wickedly and
vniustly behaued my selfe,
leauing thy cōmaundemen-
tes, and murmuring against
thy correction.

I haue tourned my self a-
waie, and not kepte my pro-
mise made vnto thee: I haue
walked in an euill waie, af-
ter myne owne thoughtes &
fantasies, chusing the thyn-
ges

Plalmes.

ges that thou wouldest not.

O Lord God almightie,
I haue not feared thee, nor
shewed due reuerence vnto
thee: but I haue been disobe-
dient & stubburne vnto thee.

As a cōmon harlot is with-
out shame, euē so am I with-
out shame of my synnes: so
behold, I speake vnto thee, &
yet I synne more and more.

I haue left that whiche is
good, and gone backe from
thee: and I haue not put my
truste and hope in thee, my

A. v. maker,

The Kynges

maker, but haue soughte for
helpe, and sauegarde other-
wise.

I haue ploughed wicked-
nesse, and reaped iniquitie, &
eaten the fruite of lyes: Bi-
cause I haue trusted in mine
owne waie.

I haue cast thy lawes be-
hynde my backe, not regar-
dyng thy commaundemen-
tes, nor leauyng mine owne
leude customes.

I haue not giuen my hart
to retourne to thy pathes: for

Plalmes.

I woulde not knowe thee,
but haue fallē through mine
iniquitie.

I neuer vnto this day, sur-
ned truely vnto thee with all
my harte: But as a woman
that breaketh her fidelitie,
and promise vnto her house-
band, euen so (O lord God)
I haue broken my promise
vnto thee.

For I haue liued abhomi-
nable, and haue had no re-
mo:se, no: repentaunce for
my euill deedes, but haue
runne

The Kynges

raine from synne to synne,
following the leude desires
of my harte.

Thou knowest all thynges (O Lorde) howe I have
prouoked thee to displeasure
by my leude intentions and
none of all my synnes he hid
from thee.

I hated thy discipline and
correction: and regarded not
thy wordes and saynges.

I haue not doen penance
for my malices: But haue in-
creased in muche vanitie.

My

My harte hath been boide
of truthe: & my handes haue
wrought unrighteousnesse.

My tonge hath spoken sin-
fully: and I haue laboured
with the imagination of my
harte, to finde out lyes and
deceytes, and no truth hath
been in my waies.

I haue accustomed my tong
to speake trifles & vanities,
fulfylling my fleshly desires
and thoughtes, my purposes
and inuentions haue been
contrary to thy will, where-
by

The Kynges

by I haue offended the eyes
of thy Maiestie.

Thou haste seen all these
thynges (O Lorde) and haste
holdē thy peace, and yet thei
were euill in thy sighte, and
displeased thee.

In thy anger thou hast cast
me a waie, and arte diuided
from me now many daies.

Thou hast giuen me vp to
the desires of my harte: Wo
doe the thynges whiche bee
not femyng.

Woe I am, that I haue
gone

Psalmes.

gone from thee: greate is my
miserie, that I haue lead my
life in synne,

Woe is me, that I haue
forsaken thee to doe my de-
uises, not after thy minde, to
accomplishe my thoughtes,
which haue not proceeded of
thy spirite, but haue heaped
vp synne vpon synne.

Myne infamie & reproche
is daiely befoze mine eyes: &
foz shame I dare not shewe
my face.

And now, o lord god, wylly
forget.

The Kynges

forgetteth thou me: why ke-
peste thou a waie so long thy
mercie from me?

Hearc now my cause gra-
tiously, although thou hast
been displeased with me a
greate while: For thou arte
mercifull: bee not angrie al-
waies, I beseeche thee.

Cast not a waie a contrite
& penitent persone, a wretch
and an abjecte, whiche hum-
blylly calleth vpon thy name.

Turne againe a little to-
ward me, O lord God, and
forgiue

Psalmes.

forgiue me my mischeuous
deedes.

Order me not accoꝝdyng
to my synnes, noꝝ punish me
as my wickednes deserueth.

Shewe not foꝛ the thy po-
wer against a poore wretch:
persecute hym not so soꝛe,
which is without al strength.

Turne not thy face alwaie
from my pꝛaiers: but accoꝝ-
dyng to thy promises, take
me againe vnto thy fauour.

For I am thyne, O righ-
teous father, who thine one

W. 1. ly

The Kynges

ly deare sonne hath redeemed
with his precious blood.

And now my soule abhor-
reth my old cōuersation: and
of thee, whiche arte iudge of
all men, I aske mercie.

I dooe submit my self vn-
der thy mightie hand: for af-
ter thyne, anger thou the-
west mercie, and in the time
of tribulation thou doest for-
giue synnes.

I acknowledge, that I am
a sinner, beseeching thee lord
God almightie, of thy good-
nesse

Psalmes.

nesse to doe with me, accor-
dyng to thy greate merittie.

I am confounded and asha-
med to lifte vp myne eyes
vnto thee, for my synnes are
ascended vp vnto thy sight.

Against thee (O father) a-
gainste thee I haue synned,
and dooen euill before thee:
thou seest that myne iniqui-
tie is greate.

Truely I haue been an of-
fender againste thee, euen
from my cradell, and since I
sucked my mothers brestes,

15.4. 3

The Kynges

I haue not ceased to doe euil.

Beholde, I was begotten
in iniquitie: and my mother
brought me into this worlde
defiled with synne.

For the Corne of an euill
seede is sown in my harte,
and how muche wickednesse
hath sprong therof vnto this
daye, thou knowest, O lord.

I can not shake of my syn-
nes and offence, but I carrie
still with me the infamie of
my youth.

Behold lord, I am sold vn-
der

Psalmes.

der sinne, and in my fleshe I
finde not that whiche is good.

For the good that I would,
that dooe I not, but the euill
that I hate, that I doe.

Al the thoughtes and ima-
ginations of my harte, haue
been sette to dooe euill, euer
since I was young.

O why do I dye in my sin-
nes lord: God: se yng thy wil-
is not that a synner dye, but
returne from his synne, and
liue?

For thou art good and true
15. ig. cissll

The Kynges

reioysfull, and accordyng to thy
greate merrie, sauest theim
that be vnworthie.

For albeit no man is able
to beare the punisshement,
whiche thou dooest threaten
against sinners, yet the mer-
cie, whiche thou hast promi-
sed, is greate & vnsearchable.

Thou hast shewed mercie
a thousande tymes hereto-
fore: to make thy name glo-
rious, as it is euen yet still.

The olde fathers in their
necessities cried vnto thee, &
thou

Psalmes.

thou didst beluer them: yet
putte their trust in thee: and
they were not confounded.

When they were at their
wittes ende, and wiste not
what to doe: this was their
onely refuge, to lift vp their
eyes to thee.

Thou didst saue them for
thy names sake, to shewe in
them thy might and strength.

Many a tyme they prouo-
ked thee throughe their ini-
quities, and stirred thy good-
nesse to displeasure.

13. liij. Pet

The Kynge's

Yet when thou sawest
their tribulation, and their
lowly submission unto thee,

Thou dost remember thy
promise, and by and by had-
dest pitie and compassion up-
pon them: accordyng to the
multitude of thy mercies.

Haue mercie vpon me (O
lorde God omnipotent) haue
mercie vpon me: for I am a
miserable, and a wretched
creature: make me whole I
beseeche thee, whō thou hast
stricken for my synne and in-
iquitie.

iquitie.

My soule is troubled great.
ly: & how long, O lord, wilt
thou not loke towardes me:

How long wilt thou reiect
my prayer thus cryng oute
vnto thee? Wilt thou heare
me at no tyme? How long
wilt thou tourne awaie thy
face from me.

Where be thy old mercies
(O Lord) whom thou hast
established in thy trueth.

Wilt thou now (O Lord
God) cease to shewe mercie?

The Kynge

O, wilt thou withdraue thy
goodnesse for displeasure?

Hast thou caste me a waie
for euer? That thou wilt
neuer hereafter bee pleased
with me?

Thy hande is not weake-
ned, but it maie help: and thy
eares bee not stopped, that
they refuse to heare.

How long shall my minde
bee troubled with painfull
and heauie thoughtes? How
long shall sorowe torment
my hart?

How

Psalmes.

How long shall myne enemye haue the ouerhande of me: loke towarde me, O Lord God, and heare my prayer.

Giue light to myne eyes, for I haue slepte to longe in death: and my synnes haue preuailed against me.

Turne againe, O Lord, turne again, and deliuer my soule: & saue me for thy great mercies sake.

Loe, now is the accepted tyme: now bee the daies of healthe and grace.

In

The Kynges

In death who shall reme-
ber thee? In hell who shall
laude or praise thee?

He that liueth, he that li-
ueth, shall praise thee: & shall
make thy mercie known.

Loꝛde rebuke me not in
thine anger: noꝛ punishe me
in thy greates displeasure.

Cast not thy bartes at me:
noꝛ laie not thy heauie hand
vpon me.

For I haue boꝛne thyne
anger a lōg while, and of the
Cup of thy high displeasure,

Psalmes.

I haue drunke very deepe.

There is no health in my
flesh, for feare of thy disple-
sure: I haue no peace nor
reste, when I beholde my
synnes.

My iniquities bee gone o-
uer my head: and like an he-
aue bardein thei daily presse
me doune.

The woundes in my soule
bee fester, and stinke, euen
through myne vntre folle.

I am a wretched, cast awaie
fro the sanctor and presence,
and

The Kynges

and goe mournynge all the
daie long.

My soule is full of filthi-
nesse, and no parte of me is
whole and sounde.

Wherefore my enemies
dooe persecute me the more,
the greatnesse of my paine
maketh me to roze and crie.

My hart fainteth and tre-
bleth within me, and my
strength is gone a waie.

O Lorde, thou knowest
my desire, and thou seest my
necessitie.

For

Psalmes,

Forgiue me all my sinnes
(O Lozde G^od almightie)
for thyne owne sake, and put
out of thy sight my heinous
offences, for according to thy
goodnesse, thou haste promi-
sed forgiveness of synnes to
them that doe penauce.

Haue mercie on me lozde,
for the glorie and honour of
thy name, and bee no longer
displeased with me, and then
thou shalt surely be known
to bee iuste, and true in thy
wordes, and shalt overcome
when

The Kynges

when thou art iudged.

For by this, thy great grace
shalbe knowen: that thou take
mercy on them, whiche
haue not whereof thei make
glozy in thy sight.

And all the dwellers on
the yearth shall learne, and
knowe thy goodnesse, when
thou shalt conferre, and giue
thy benefites to vs for thy
greate names sake, and not
after our euill waies, and
wicked deedes.

Merely loue God, except
thou

Palmer.

thou shewe vnto vs thy manifold mercies, the wolde shall not haue life, no; thei that dwell therein.

And if thou helpe vs not with thy goodnesse, how may thei, whiche haue offended, be raised vp frō their sinnes?

Haue mercie on me, o good father, haue mercie on me, and so; thy glorious name, be no lōger angrie with me.

Take me synner vnto thy mercie, so; the name of thy holy sonne Iesus, whō thou
(C.) halt

The Kynges

hast sente, to bee the obtainer of mercie for our synnes through faith in his blood.

Beholde holte father, behold thy childe, whom thou hast chosen: behold thy welbeloued sonne, in whom thy soule deliteth: vppon whom thou hast put thy holy spirit, and sent hym to pzeache the Gospell to the poore, to heale theim, whiche for their synnes bee sorrowfull, and contrite: to comforte them that mourne, to pzeache pardone
to

Psalmes.

to the prisoners, and sight to
the blinde.

Beholde thy littell one,
which was bozne for vs, be-
hold thy sonne whiche is gi-
uen to vs, whom thou haste
not spared, but giue to death
for vs all, to bee a sweete of-
fering and sacrifice to thee.

Merely he toke vpon him
in his bodie, our infirmities,
and he bare our paines,

He was made weake for
our finnes: and he was wound-
ed for our offences.

C.ij. The

The Kynges

The correction for our
peace was laied vpon hym, &
by the strokes that he suffe-
red, our woundes wer healed.

All we went a strait like
sheepe, euery one followed
his owne waie, and thou (O
lozde) puttest on him our in-
iquitie, striking hym for the
offences of thy people.

We gaue his bodie to bee
beaten, and his cheekes to be
stricken, he turned not a waie
his face from them that scor-
ned him, and spit vpon hym.

Throug

Psalms.

Through his loue & mer-
cie, he hath redeemed them
that were losse, and by his
bloud shedde on the crosse, he
hath pacified all thynges, in
heauen and in yearth.

He gaue hymself to death,
and made his prayers for the
whiche were offenders.

Loke (O mercifull father)
and consider, who it is that
thus did suffer; and remem-
ber (I besche thee) for whom
he hath suffered.

For this is that innocent
C.ij. whom

The Kynges

whom thou gauest to death
for vs, even then when wee
were synners: and shall wee
not, beyng now iustified by
his blood, muche rather bee
saued from wrathe throug
hym?

If we, when we were yet
enemies, were reconciled to
thee, by the death of thy sone
shall wee not beyng reconci-
led, muche rather bee saued
by his life?

Behold that pure and im-
maculate lambe, whiche ta-
keth

Plalmes,

keth a wale the finnes of the
worlde, by whose pꛑecious
bloud, we are redemed from
our iniquities.

Looke vpon that mooste
meeke innocent, whiche like
a Lambe that was ledde to
his death: and beyng mooste
cruelly intreated, once ope-
ned not his mouthe.

Behold thine onely sonne,
whom although thou begat-
test of thy almightie power,
substaunce, and nature: yet
thou wouldest he should bee

C. iij. par.

The Kynges

partaker of my infirmitie.

Whiche being God in nature, thought it no ravine to be equal with God, but made hym self lowe, tak yng vpon him the shape of a seruaunt, and commyng in the similitude of Anfull fleshe, cōdemned synne in the fleshe, submittyng hym self vnto thee, O father, euen to the death of the crosse, and there putte on the bande wrytyng, that was against vs, contained in the law wrytten, and taking it

Plalmes.

it out of the waie, fastened
it to his crosse, on the which
he spoiled potestates and po-
wers, and made a shewe of
them openly, and triumphed
ouer the in his owne person.

Turne the eyes of thy ma-
iestie (O lo2de God) and loke
vpon the wo2ks of thy ines-
table goodnesse.

Behold thine owne swete
sonne, how all his bodie was
drawen, and stretched forth
on the crosse.

21. Looke vpon all the partes

C. v. of

The Kynges

of his bodie, from the crowne
of the heade vnto the sole of
the foote, and no paine shall
be found like vnto his paine.

Behold (O louyng father)
the blessed head of thy deare
sonne, crowned with sharpe
Thornes, and the blood ren-
nyng doune vpon his godlie
visage.

Beholde his tender bodie,
how it is scourged: his naked
brest is stricken and beaten:
his bloudie side is thrust
throughe: his hart pateth: his
senewes

Palmer.

sene wes bee stretched forth:
his Godlie eyes dasell, and
leese their sight: his princely
face is wanne and pale: his
pleasaunt tonge is inflamed
fo: paine: his inward partes
ware dyle and starke: his ar-
mes both blew and wanne
by striefe, his bones bee pluc-
ked one from an other: his
beautifull legges bee feeble,
and weake: & the streames
of blood issuyng out of his bo-
die, renne doune apace vpon
his feete.

Looke

The Kynges

Loke (O my maker) vpon
the humanitie and getlenes
of thy deare sonne: and pitte
the infirmitie of thy weakie
handie woorker.

Beholde (O glorious Fa-
ther) the bodie of thy deare
sonne, all too rente and
tozne: and remember I be-
seche thee, of how small sub-
staunce I am.

Loke vpon the pain of him
that is bothe God and man: &
release the miserie of man,
whom thou hast made.

Beholde

Psalmes.

Beholde the greuous suffering of the redeemer, and forgine the sinne of him that is redeemed.

Keepe me frō all euill waies : and teache me by thy holy spirit, to chuse the waie of truthe.

I beseeche thee (o thou king of holinesse) by hym that is moſte holy, by this my redeemer Chriſt, that thou bring me again into the right waie that I maie bee vnited, and made one with hym in spirit
whiche

The Kynges

whiche abbozred not to bee
vnited with me in fleshe.

Make me to goe perfectly
in thy pathes, and to hate al
wicked waies.

Wathe my harte frō ma-
lice, and clense me from my
secrete synnes.

Clense me (O holy father)
with the bloud of the newe
Testament of thy welbelo-
ued sonne, which hath loued
vs, and washed vs with his
bloud from our synnes, and
hath redeemed vs from al in-
iquitie.

Psalmes.

iquitie.

Purifie my harte by the
sanctification of thy spirite, &
the sprinklyng of the bloud
of thy sonne, frō al filthines
of sinne, and euil conscience.

O God almightie, be mer-
cifull vnto me sinner: for thy
glorious name sake, and re-
mēber my sinnes no longer.

For thou arte God, graci-
ous and mercifull, and paci-
ently dooest suffer vs; and
wouldest that no mā should
perishe, but that all menne
should

The Kynge

should returne to penance.
20 Make me, O Lorde God,
to returne from my euill
waies and wicked thoughtes.

Remember not the syn-
nes and abominations of
my youthe: accoꝝdyng to thy
mercie, bee myndfull of me
foꝝ thy goodnes sake O lorde.

Looke not vpon me with
a greuous countenaunce: foꝝ
there is no manne that dare
speake foꝝ me.

21 Enter not into iudgemeꝝte
with thy seruant, foꝝ if thou
accuse

accuse me, I shall neuer bee
quitte.

For if thou o lord, marke
my synnes & iniquitie: who
shall not fall before thee?

This is certaine and sure
that then in thy sight no ma
liuyng shalbe iustified, sayng
thou haste founde iniquitie
even in thy angels.

How muche rather in me
whiche is abhominatiou and
filthinesse, and dwelleth in
the earthly house of this bo
die, and drinketh iniquitie.

D. J. as

The Kynges

as it were water:

Who is cleane from filthi-
nesse, when all be corrupted:
Truely not one: No though
he haue liued but one daie on
the yearth: and though his
monethes maie bee easilie
numbred.

If a truthe there is no
mortal manne, whiche hath
not doen wickedly: no: there
is any righteous on yearth,
whiche doeth good and syn-
neth not.

Yet bicause merce is in
the

Psalm.

thy hand (O Lord) although
thou be dreadful my hope is
in thee, in whom my soule
trusteth.

My soule looketh for thee;
blowde merite and pleisfull
redemption is with thee.

Yea Lord I knowe assured-
ly, that thou wilt not caste
me a waile for ever: But al-
though thou caste me a waile
for my synnes a while, yet
thou wilt have merite upon
me againe, according to the
multitude of thy merite.

D. y. 701

The Kynges

For thou (O Lord) art full
of pittie and mercie and wilt
not twayne thy face from vs,
if we will repenne
to thee.

Thou art our God, full of
sweetnesse, mercie and pa-
tience, and disposed all thinges
by mercie.

The fountaines of the good-
nes be ever full & thy ouer-
flowing grace neuer deceieth.

All thy wayes be mercie and
truth, to them that seek out
thy counsaile and feruour
desires.

And thus I have shewed you
 all things that I have done
 father in to his children, to
 gentle and loving art thou
 and to be the them that are
 the world of the world and
 of the world, thou doest par-
 tain our inheritance, and
 all the world is thine own
 hand to give: thou shalt
 do it to be as we are: thou shalt
 that we are the people of
 strength, and of a man
 and thou shalt not forgetten
 that this world is full of un-
 der

D. iii. right

The Kyrie

righteousnesse and wicked-
nesse: and that it is behollie
set and bent on euill.

He can neuer thelesse shew him
merrifull, and full of grace,
and like a merrifull lord, so
beate it to punishe synners,
when they repente them self
and returne fro their sinnes.

Haue mercie vpon me (O
Lorde God my Saviour) for
the glorie of thy name: And
deliuer me, & forgive me my
synnes for thy names sake.

O righteous father, looke
not

Plalmes.

not faintly upon the multitude of my synnes: but looke on the face of Iesu thy holie sonne, whiche beynge without synne, bare our synnes in his body on the tree of the crosse.

Turne awaie thy face from my synnes: and putte out all my iniquities.

Make a cleane hart in me (O God) and renue me with a right spirite.

Caste me not awaie from thy presence, and take not
D. ity. thy

The Kynges

thy holy spirite from me.

Giue me againe the comfort of thy helpe: and stablish me with thy mightie spirite.

Softise my harte, o lord God, that I maye returne to thy pathes: for I haue wandered ouer long in the waie of error.

Turne me to thee, and I shalbe turned: for thou arte my maker: & I am the claye and worke of thy handes.

Turne not thy face a waie from me, nor goe not from thy

Psalmes.

thy seruante in thine anger.
Be my helper, and forsake
me not, despise me not, &
looe, whiche art my God
and my heart is stretched.

The second Psalm
for remission of

sinnes.

O thou mightie God of
Aungels and of men
whose iudgements be
unsearchable, & whose wis-
dome is profounde and depe
Heare the prayers of the

D.v. ser.

The Kynges

seruaunt: and saist not a waie
the humble suites of thy poore
creature and handie worke.

For as long as I shall liue,
I will speake vnto thee, and
I will not hold my peace, so
long as the breathe is in my
bodie.

I doe tourne my soule vnto
thee, and I set myne eyes
directly vpon thee.

Let thyne anger bee tour-
ned awaie from me I beseech
thee, and graunt, that I maie
finde grace and fauoure in
thy

thy light, according to thy great-
ness of the mercie, forgive
me all my synnes.

Blucke me awate from
myne heinous offences: and
heale my soule, whiche hath
offended thet, make me free
from the guilt of my trans-
gression: for I acknowledge
my iniquitie, and am sorie
for my synnes.

I have forsaken thy wate,
and I, knowing thy com-
mandementes, have dooen
all

The Kinges

all thinges contrary to them.

I haue broken the coue-

nant that I made with thee:

and haue despised to keepe

it in iaine.

Wherefore haue I turned a-

gainst thee, O Iacob, O son,

the blessing of my fathers:

because thou hast broken

hate this day.

I haue forsaken thee,

O God my maker, and gone a-

waies from thee my Saviour,

and haue rebelled against

thee, like the tree that win-

reth.

cess, and striveth to win the
 crown of life: and any man

that hath been so, shall
 be able to see: and any man
 that hath been so, shall be able
 to see: and any man that hath
 been so, shall be able to see:

It hath been said, that the
 knowledge of the truth is the
 knowledge of the truth: and any
 man that hath been so, shall
 be able to see: and any man
 that hath been so, shall be able
 to see:

It hath been said, that the
 knowledge of the truth is the
 knowledge of the truth: and any
 man that hath been so, shall
 be able to see: and any man
 that hath been so, shall be able
 to see: and any man that hath
 been so, shall be able to see:

The Kynges

late waies, toward God, direct

Myne owne counsailes and
advises haue broughte me
these thynges: But he is the
malice and rebellio that possi-
bleth the hartes of men: 79

My soule is put fro quiet-
nesse and respite: I cannot
thinke of any good thyng.

The yoke of my synners
swayed verie heauie: it is lift-
ed up, and fastened aboue
my necke: 80

How hast spoken to me,
but I would not heare, thou
hast

Psalmes.

hast called me, but I would
not answer, I beleued not
thy wordes, nor would abide
thy counsaile.

I regarded not thy holie
wooꝝde: and I gaue not my
mynde to thy saynges.

When hast striken me, but
I would not know the cause
thereof: thou haste corrected
me, but I would not take thy
discipline.

I did not consider in my
hart, that thou wouldest not
forget my sinne and malice.

Which

The Kynges

With my mouth and my
lippes I glorified thee, but
my harte was farre fro thee.

I hid my synne as Adam
did: to the intent to haue my
iniquitie unknowne.

I asked counsaile of thy
monthe: and I would not fo-
lowe thy lawe.

I haue sinned before thine
eyes, and therefore my soule
is made vnstable.

I forsake thee, whiche art
the fountaine of continuall
springing waters: to the in-
tent

tent to digge to my selfe muddie
pittes, whiche haue no
water.

In all these things, I am
not returned to thee: no, I
haue not praied vnto thee,
that I might leaue my wic-
ked wayes.

O Lord, and behold, how
vile I am made: al the brighte
of my soule is perished
and gone: In so muche that
now I dare not in any wise
beholde and looke vpon thee.

And there was no cause

that

C. f.

why

The Kynges

why I should forsake thee, &
vainly folowe vaine thinges.

Loꝛde haue mercie vpon
me, and heare my prayers: foꝛ
thou arte my God, and there
is no saluour besides thee.

Turne awaie from me
thy heauie displeasure: and
destroie me not foꝛ my syn-
nes of my youth.

I humbly beseeche thee, O
Loꝛde, forgive me; forgive
me foꝛ thy exceeding mercy.

O Loꝛde God of hostes, if
thou be determined to save,
who

Psalmes.

who can lette us resist: If
thou streche out thy hande,
who shall turne thee awaie:

1 Thou makest doe to me as
the pottar doeth to his potte:
for (behold) I am in thy hande
as the claye is in his.

10 Inuenue me (O lord) but
in mineyng not in thine anger
least thou utterly consume
me: make me to vnderstand
and knowe how hurtful and
deedly a thyng it is to for-
sake thee, thy Lord GOD,
and to take a vaunt from thee.

psalm 135

C. 11. the

The Kynges

the leane of the a. tal mas of

Wher e is wounded that can
heale me, my cure thyng plager
no man can deliuer me: But
thou. O lorde, whiche knowest
dest. & make it whole: whiche
strike it, and healest againe.

My destruction cometh of
my self: my helpe and salua
tion standeth onely in thee.

For none is like vnto thee
thou art mightie: and grete
is the name of thy strength.

Take me to thee, o lorde,
and I shall be touched: take

343

110

awaite

awaie from me this synfull
harte, that thy lawe maye
bryng forth the fruite in me.

Remember me Lorde, for
thy goodnes sake: and for the
great loue that thou bearest
to warden me.

O Lorde God, behold, thou
hast made bothe heauen and
earth by thy greate might:
and nothing is harde to thee.

Thou art that puissant
and mightie, whose name is
the Lorde of hostes: great and
marueilous in thy counsaill.

C.iiij. As

The Kynges

As longe as thou hast spokē
the woorde, all thynges bee
doen: as lone as thou hast cō-
maunded, thynges bee: and
thy woꝛde returneth not to
the voide, and without effect.

Thou, o loꝛde God, shewest
mercie vnto all: foꝛ thou canst
doe all: and thou makeste as
though thou sawest not the
synnes of men, bicause thei
should doe penauice, and a-
mende their liues.

foꝛ thou louest all thyng-
ges that bee: and hateste no-
thyng

Palmes.

thing that thou haste made:
for nothyng thou madest, or
hast ordeined of any hatred.

Thou spareste and tenderest
all men: for all thynges
be thyne, and thou louest the
soules of men.

Thou doest minister mercie,
equitie, and iustice in the
yearth: and therfore in these
vertues thou greatly delitest

Truely (O lord) thou art
righteous and gracious, not-
withstanding I haue offend-
ed thee, transgressyng thy
C. liij, coue.

The Kynges

conuenant, and trespassing
against thee.

Olorde, thou hast seen all
my abominations: take on
my cause, and consider, how
vile and wretched I am: see
and beholde my greafe con-
fusion.

In the tyme of reconcilla-
tio heare me, and in the date
of saluation haue mercie on
me.

Be merciful vnto me, and
haue mercie on me, whiche
haue none other helpe but
thee:

Plalmes.

thee: whose will nothing can
resist: whē so euer thou doest
purpose to saue.

Hear me, whiche am a
wretch, making supplica-
tion vnto thee, make me to
truste in thy name: and deli-
uer me by thy power.

Haue regarde to me from
heauen. O Lorde, and looke
downe from thy holie habi-
tation: and from the throne
of thy glory.

Destroy me not bicause of
my iniquitie: but remember

E. b. the

The Kynges

the sorowe and paine that I
suffer.

We not stil angrie with me
(o lord) forget all my synnes
and remember the no longer.

Let my prayer ascende vp
vnto thee: & vnto my soule
beholde I am come to thee,
thy healthe & thy saluation,

The third Psalm
for remission
of synnes.

God eternall, iuste, and
holte: whiche kepest co-
uenant

mercy and mercie, with
thou that loue thee, and keepe
thy commaundementes.

2. **L**oke at me, & haue mercy
vpon me: for I haue trespas-
sed against thee: and dooen
euill in thy sight.

She wee for the vppon me
the tender affections of thy
mercie, that thy seruante
made harte to praye
vnto thee.

3. **I** humbly make my prayer
before thy face, not trustyng
in mine owne righteousness,
but

The Kynges

but in thy greates mercies.

For I am uncleane & fil-
thie: and al my rightconnes
is like a soyle bloung donte.

Unto thet O Lorde, be iu-
stice, merrie: and pitie: but
vnto me bee confusion and
shame, for my iniquities.

Certainly enen from my
beginnyng, I haue bled my
self proudly against thee, do-
yng wickedly, & ceaseng not.

O Lorde, thou haste rede-
med me, and yet I haue not
ceased to offende thee, & my
harte

hast: but hast not been for aight
in thy sight: as I liue: so is

Thou hast taught and in-
structed me: and stablished
my power, and I have been
enriched towardes thee,
being like unto a deceitfull
balme: I must be ashamed of

my pride and presumptiō
accuse me to my face. I am
ouerthrowen in mine owne
wickednesse: I doe seke thee
(O Lord) I beseeche thee, that
I may finde thee. Thou arte
separated frō me: for I haue
sought thee greedily

The Kynges

greedily folowed filthynesse.

Yet will I accuse myne
owne synfull wates before
thee, o lozde, untill thou haue
mercie vpon me, and receiue
me againe into thy fauour.

God forbide, that euer I
should departe from thee a-
gain, and not diligently seke
for thy promises.

I wil neuer hold my peace
nor keepe silence: untill thou
haue established that coue-
nant with me, whiche thou
hast made, and ovraken in
tymes

Palms.

tymes passe.

What is to saie, like as the
iustice of a iuste mā shall not
deliuer oꝛ saue hym, what
time soeuer he shall offende:
so the wickednesse of a wic-
ked man shall not hurt him,
what tyme so euer he shall
retorne frō his wickednes.

In hope of this (O Lorde
God) I will carrie thy plea-
sure: foꝛ thou art good to the
that trust in thee, and to the
soule that seketh thee.

Thou kepest thy truth foꝛ
euer.

The Kynges

euermore: and the sword
whiche issueth forth of thy
mothte, shall not bee holde,
and of none effecte.

Destroye me not, god lord,
for my synnes: Nor reserve
not eternall punishmente
for me.

Open thyne eyes, and be-
holde the greatnesse of my
paine, & my affliction: for my
iniquitie is great in thy sight
and my synnes haue brought
me into this trouble.

Destroye me not after this.

Psalm.

not leaue me in my synnes:
for thou art God of mercie,
and very gracious.

Execute not the punishe-
ment vpon me, whiche thou
haddest purposed: doe to me
accoꝝdyng to thy name: al-
though my defaultes and sin-
nes be many.

O lorde, thou art my God:
and thy name hath been put
vpo me: leaue me not in the
deopenesse of my troubles.

Thou haste chastised, and
refoꝝnied many, and haste
F. j. streng.

The Kynges

strengthened the weary hā-
des, thy wooꝝdes haue set vp
him that staggered: and thou
hast made straight the cro-
ked knees.

Wherefore I will seeke
thee (O Lorde God) whiche
hast wrought greates thynges
vnsearcheable and innu-
merable.

Thou hast taken vp the
poore out of the duste, & hast
eralted them, whiche were
abietes.

For thou doest deliuer the
poore

Palmes.

pooze in his miserie, out of
the straitte and bottomlesse
pit of tribulation; and out of
the wide mouth of anguiste
and affliction, into reste and
quietnesse.

Thou art gracious & mer-
cifull, for that thou shewe
mercie to the, whiche he not
yet come into the wo:ld: and
thou art very merciful to the
whiche diligentely obserue,
and keepe thy lawes: & thou
doest paciētly suffer sinners:
giving them tyme and place,

Our J. y. wher.

The Kynges

wherby thei maie be chaun-
ged from their malice.

Heare me pooze wretche,
makynge supplication vnto
thee, for in thee, & thy name,
I haue put my truste and as-
surance.

Take me thy seruant vn-
to thee, and make me good,
and let me not be disapointe-
ted of that I looke for.

Come again (o lord God)
and saue my soule: destroye
me not, whom thou hast re-
deemed by thy great might,
and

Psalmes.

and power.

100. **L**oke not vpon the hardnes
of my harte, nor vpon my sin-
nes: but like as thou hast ma-
ny tymes shewed mercie, so
nowe bee mercifull, and for-
giue me.

80. **H**ear me (**O** lorde) and be
pacified: regarde my praier,
and dooe accoꝝdyng to thy
greate name.

101. **O** Lorde, I looke to haue
helpe and saluation fro thee:
and this is my daiely medi-
tation, and exercise.

The Kynges

For thy mercies be great:
& thy goodnes is inestimable.
Hear me now favoura-
bly, and withholde thy mer-
cies no longer from me.

In the waie of thy iudge-
mentes, I will looke after
thee: my soule desireth too
magnifie thy name, and to
haue thee in memorie.

Incline my hart to do thy
commaundementes: and di-
recte my waies euermore in
thy sight.

Lette me neuer hereafter
goe

Plalmes.

goe a waite from thy waies:
no: leaue me not now in the
deepenesse of my troubles.

Tourne not thyn eyes a
waie from me; but teach me
(O lord) to doe those thyn-
ges, whiche are pleasant in
thy sight.

Make a perpetuall league
and couenaunt with me, that
thou wilt put thy seare into
my harte: y I neuer swarue
from thee in all my life.

Withdrowe not thy good-
nesse from me for ever; but
F.iiij. kepe

The Kynges

kepe thy promise & fidelitie.

Be good vnto me with beneuolence & fauour: for thou art mercifull, and thy displeasure continueth not for ever.

Remember me with fauour and kindnesse: and visite me with thy saluation.

I knowe (O Lorde God) that thou arte gracious and mercifull, pacient, & of great mercifulnesse.

Thou art good and mercifull, thou keepest couenaunt and mercy with thy seruantes

Plalmes.

tes, which walke befoze thee
in their whole harte.

There is none other God
but thou, whiche regardeste
and carest for all.

For thou hast been ever
very mercifull to me: deliue-
ring my soule from the depe-
helle.

Let thy goodnesse (o lord)
bee ever with me, for all my
wealth resteth onely in thee.

In the tyme of tribulatio-
I call vpon thee (O lord) for
thou art nigh vnto the which

F. v. call

The Kynges

call vpon thy holy name.

Succoure me (O God) and
looke merily vpon me: shew
me the lighte of thy counte-
naunce: in thee my soule tru-
steth, and my hart reioyseth

Let my prayer come vnto
thy throne: bowe down thine
eare vnto my crie.

Hear me now being pe-
nitent, O lord, to whom thou
hast hitherto patiently suf-
fered: to the intent I should
repent, and amende my life.

O God, I haue opened vnto
to

Plalmes.

to thee my life: Haue me for
thy names sake : For my
trust is in thee.

What care I for worldlie
thynges: this one thing one-
ly I neede and desire, that I
maie finde grace and fauour
in thy sight.

Wherefoze I beseeche thee
O loue God, take awaie fro
me this pain and sorowe: or
at leaste wise mitigate & al-
swage it, either by comfort,
or by counsaile, or by what
meanes so euer it shall bee
seen

The Kynges

seen good to thee.

The fowerth Psalme is
a complaint of a penitent sin-
ner, which is sore troubled &
ouercome with synne.

O Lorde G^{OD} mercifull
and patient: of muche
mercifulnesse and truthe.

Which for thy abundant
charitie, and according to thy
greate mercie, hast taken vs
out from the power of dark-
nesse: and haste saued vs by
the fountaine of regenera-
tion

Psalmes.

tion and newe birth, and the
redmyng of the holie ghoſte:
whō thou haſt ſhed vpon vs
aboundantly by Jeſu Chriſt
our ſauour.

If I haue found grace and
fauour in thy ſight: ſuffer
me to ſpeake a woorde vnto
thee: and bee not diſpleaſed
with me.

Why doeſt thou euer for-
gette me: and leaueſt me in
the middes of my troubles,
and euilles?

Where is become thy zeale
and

The Kynges

and thy strength: But here is
the multitude of thy tender
affections: & of thy mercies:

O lorde, make not he, whi-
che is fallen, rise vp againe:
O make not he, whiche hath
gone awaie fro thee, returne
to thee againe:

Shall my sorrowe ever in-
dure: Shall my wounde bee
vncurable and heuer healed.

How commeth it to passe,
that I tourne still awaie fro
thee: my synne daily increa-
seth, and of my self I cannot
returne.

retourne.

In as muche as it is not
giuen to manne to direct his
own waies: neither to make
perfect his own proceedinges.

For in thy hand is the life
of euery liuyng thyng: and
the spirit also of euery man.

Thou shewest thy mercie
to whō thou wilt: and thou
art gracious to them, whom
thou fauourest.

Thou doest kill, and thou
doest quicken: Thou ledest
downe to hell gate, and byn-
gest

The Kynges

gest vp againe.

Thy eyes beholde the wayes of euery man : and thou searchest the hartes of men.

There is no place so secret or darcke, wherein spyers may hide the selues fro the.

For any mā may so lurke and hide hym self in caues, but thou shalt se hym, which doest fulfill both heauen and yearth in euery parte.

Why hast thou cast me a waie from thy presence? and takest me for thy encemie?

Why

The Kynges

gest vp againe.

Thy eyes beholde the wa-
yes of euery man : and thou
searchest the hartes of men.

There is no place so secret
or darcke , where in synners
may hide the selues fro the.

For any mā may so lurke
and hide hym self in caues,
but thou shalt se hym, which
doest fulfill both heauen and
yearth in euery parte.

Why hast thou cast me a-
waie from thy p2esence: and
takest me for thy enemye?

Why

The Kynges

of the wiche durt that hart
myselfe and any rightousnes
shall profite me. I will geue to
the life of man is a tem-
ptation vpon the gentles and
if I haue synned as all men
haue I will not waite for a man
so bold as I may be. I will be
cleane, and without synne be-
fore the face shall not be
without defaile in the eyes
of the people. I will be
the purer and more pure
righteousness shall be which
is the way of the righteous
right

Psalm 141

righteous: nor shall I forget
Remember (O Lord) I be-
seche thee, that thou haste
make me of the earth: and
that thou shalt bring me a-
gain into the dust of death.

My teares passe and vanish
awaye like smoke: but I waile
daily, there is no carrying.

My life lieth as the
wynden and considereth not
that which is good.

As for my heart, it is not
at ease: but I have bene
in this world, and I shall
be taken away hence by

141

Ch. 11. Death,

The Kynges

death, I neuer continue still
in one state.

The vales of my life bee
fewe, and thowre: thou haue
appointed an end, which I
shall not passe.

Naked and bare I came
out of my mothers wombe:
and naked and bare I shall
retorne againe: Truly all
men saying are vanitie.

Haue pittie & compassion
that are in miserie: and pite
not the weales of the blis.
Though we sinners yet are
we

We vnder thee: for we know
thy power and strength: and
if we synne not, then are we
sure that thou regardedst vs.

Cease thy indignation (O
Iehoua) and turne it from me:
and caste all my synnes be-
hinde thy backe.

Take awaie thy plagues
from me: for thy punishmet
hath made me bothe feeble,
and fainte.

For when thou chastisest
a manne for his synnes, thou
causest him by and by to con-
fesse.

C. iij. lxxxviii

THE KINGS

name and his abode
and his dwelling is tolerable
in thy perils like unto
the clothe that is eaten with
spittles.

Wouldst thou I had one to
defend me while, until
thy anger were turned a-
wile! That thou wouldest
set me a tyme, in the which
thou wouldest remember me.

I am cleane cast a waie
fro thy presence that I neuer
hereafter se thy face againe.

Behold, I haue opened the
griefes

griefe of my soule: the vales
 of my sorrowes haue take me
 The Gentleness of consolati-
 on: to quille my tourment about:
 and the treasures of thy mercy
 renne ouer my head: so that I am
 as a bird that singeth into thee (O
 my God) but thine heart is
 meane to make me mercie: but
 thou reiectest my prayer:
 O why thouldest thou haue
 as a stone to cast me from thy pres-
 ence: or why forsakest thou
 me so long tyme
 O why takest thou not away
 my griefe

G. lig. my

by pilgrims into the out of the
bles into rest.

I am here no longer conti-
nuer, but a pilgrime and a
stranger; as all other may-
tall men be. 911

And what is this, that thou
shouldest be angry with
him? 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 1043 1044 1045 1046 1047 1048 1049 1050 1051 1052 1053 1054 1055 1056 1057 1058 1059 1060 1061 1062 1063 1064 1065 1066 1067 1068 1069 1070 1071 1072 1073 1074 1075 1076 1077 1078 1079 1080 1081 1082 1083 1084 1085 1086 1087 1088 1089 1090 1091 1092 1093 1094 1095 1096 1097 1098 1099 1100 1101 1102 1103 1104 1105 1106 1107 1108 1109 1110 1111 1112 1113 1114 1115 1116 1117 1118 1119 1120 1121 1122 1123 1124 1125 1126 1127 1128 1129 1130 1131 1132 1133 1134 1135 1136 1137 1138 1139 1140 1141 1142 1143 1144 1145 1146 1147 1148 1149 1150 1151 1152 1153 1154 1155 1156 1157 1158 1159 1160 1161 1162 1163 1164 1165 1166 1167 1168 1169 1170 1171 1172 1173 1174 1175 1176 1177 1178 1179 1180 1181 1182 1183 1184 1185 1186 1187 1188 1189 1190 1191 1192 1193 1194 1195 1196 1197 1198 1199 1200 1201 1202 1203 1204 1205 1206 1207 1208 1209 1210 1211 1212 1213 1214 1215 1216 1217 1218 1219 1220 1221 1222 1223 1224 1225 1226 1227 1228 1229 1230 1231 1232 1233 1234 1235 1236 1237 1238 1239 1240 1241 1242 1243 1244 1245 1246 1247 1248 1249 1250 1251 1252 1253 1254 1255 1256 1257 1258 1259 1260 1261 1262 1263 1264 1265 1266 1267 1268 1269 1270 1271 1272 1273 1274 1275 1276 1277 1278 1279 1280 1281 1282 1283 1284 1285 1286 1287 1288 1289 1290 1291 1292 1293 1294 1295 1296 1297 1298 1299 1300 1301 1302 1303 1304 1305 1306 1307 1308 1309 1310 1311 1312 1313 1314 1315 1316 1317 1318 1319 1320 1321 1322 1323 1324 1325 1326 1327 1328 1329 1330 1331 1332 1333 1334 1335 1336 1337 1338 1339 1340 1341 1342 1343 1344 1345 1346 1347 1348 1349 1350 1351 1352 1353 1354 1355 1356 1357 1358 1359 1360 1361 1362 1363 1364 1365 1366 1367 1368 1369 1370 1371 1372 1373 1374 1375 1376 1377 1378 1379 1380 1381 1382 1383 1384 1385 1386 1387 1388 1389 1390 1391 1392 1393 1394 1395 1396 1397 1398 1399 1400 1401 1402 1403 1404 1405 1406 1407 1408 1409 1410 1411 1412 1413 1414 1415 1416 1417 1418 1419 1420 1421 1422 1423 1424 1425 1426 1427 1428 1429 1430 1431 1432 1433 1434 1435 1436 1437 1438 1439 1440 1441 1442 1443 1444 1445 1446 1447 1448 1449 1450 1451 1452 1453 1454 1455 1456 1457 1458 1459 1460 1461 1462 1463 1464 1465 1466 1467 1468 1469 1470 1471 1472 1473 1474 1475 1476 1477 1478 1479 1480 1481 1482 1483 1484 1485 1486 1487 1488 1489 1490 1491 1492 1493 1494 1495 1496 1497 1498 1499 1500 1501 1502 1503 1504 1505 1506 1507 1508 1509 1510 1511 1512 1513 1514 1515 1516 1517 1518 1519 1520 1521 1522 1523 1524 1525 1526 1527 1528 1529 1530 1531 1532 1533 1534 1535 1536 1537 1538 1539 1540 1541 1542 1543 1544 1545 1546 1547 1548 1549 1550 1551 1552 1553 1554 1555 1556 1557 1558 1559 1560 1561 1562 1563 1564 1565 1566 1567 1568 1569 1570 1571 1572 1573 1574 1575 1576 1577 1578 1579 1580 1581 1582 1583 1584 1585 1586 1587 1588 1589 1590 1591 1592 1593 1594 1595 1596 1597 1598 1599 1600 1601 1602 1603 1604 1605 1606 1607 1608 1609 1610 1611 1612 1613 1614 1615 1616 1617 1618 1619 1620 1621 1622 1623 1624 1625 1626 1627 1628 1629 1630 1631 1632 1633 1634 1635 1636 1637 1638 1639 1640 1641 1642 1643 1644 1645 1646 1647 1648 1649 1650 1651 1652 1653 1654 1655 1656 1657 1658 1659 1660 1661 1662 1663 1664 1665 1666 1667 1668 1669 1670 1671 1672 1673 1674 1675 1676 1677 1678 1679 1680 1681 1682 1683 1684 1685 1686 1687 1688 1689 1690 1691 1692 1693 1694 1695 1696 1697 1698 1699 1700 1701 1702 1703 1704 1705 1706 1707 1708 1709 1710 1711 1712 1713 1714 1715 1716 1717 1718 1719 1720 1721 1722 1723 1724 1725 1726 1727

in my spirite is full and
troubled within me and de-
spiration hath entered into
my harte.

As it thy pleasure, O Lord
to caste abroad thyne
olone handie wroughte
in deliver my soule fro cor-
ruption, and my life frome
perilous darkenesse.

What availeth it me, that
I saye I am righteous, if thou
caste me straight into dam-
nation? seying that this deade
shall not quicke thee: nor any

The Kynge

of theim whiche god sende
to helpe: in this world of man
I have sinned, what shall
I doe to thee? why hast thou
putte me to the contrarie to
thee? I am wearie of my selfe
and of myne ownne synne
and of myne ownne chere: thou put
my synnes so narrowly: wher
there is no man that can take
out of thy handes: I knowe
not if I would say that I were
righte and without synne:
then thou mightest worthe-
ly condemne me to the fire,
prepa-

prepared for the Death and
his angelles.

But I confesse, that I am
a sinner, and I doe humble
my heart in thy sight.

Wherely if any man would
stande with thee in iudge-
ment, he shall not be able to
and were one too to a thou-
sande thynges; where with
thou mightest charge hym.

Whiche maketh me to feare
all my dooers; knowing that
thou sparest not hym that
offendeth.

The Kynges

As I lye vpon thy power,
O how mightie and stronge
thou art, if I shall cal for iud-
gemente; who shall defende
my matter, or speake for mee:
Alas the, O how be I dead and
crist to thee my God, I make
my selfe humble laste:
O turne awayed byne an-
ger from me; What I maye
knowe that thou arte more
mercifull vnto me, then my
synnes deserue:
What is my strength, that
I maie indure: O what is
ende

ende of my trouble, that my
 soule maie peacefully abide it.
 My strength is not a stone
 strength, and my flesh is not
 made of brass. Psalms 138

There is no helpe in my
 self, and my strength fleeth
 away from me. Psalms 138

Although thou hide these
 thynges in thine hart, yet
 I knowe, that thou wilt re-
 member me at length. Psalms 138

For thou art true and iust
 O Lord God, thou doest not
 condemne vniustly: whiche
 thyng
 rewar,

The Kynges

reuerend man, according
to his desert.

All this is come vnto me,
because I haue forgotten this,
and not bled my self truly
in my rethament.

My hart hath turned back
warde: and I haue followed
the desires of my flesh.

And thou hast sorely kind-
led my wrath against thee.

Wee it the desires of the hart

Woe not against me

For the sinners of my youth:

nor haue in remembrance

myne

Psalmes. li

myne olde iniuries dooen a-
gainst thee.

Daily for thou overcometh
me : and satnesse posseseth
my harte.

I looke after peace, but I
can not haue it: I looke for a
tyme of healt, but my grief
continueth still,

When the tyme of thyne
anger is past, let mercy come
out vnto I but happy more and
more.

Woe and alas that euer I
synned: My harte therefore

V. s. mour-

The Kings

of them which be good soune
to helpe. **I** have sinned; what shall
I doe to thee? why hast thou
putte me to bed contrarie to
thee? I am wearie of myne
owne selfe. **H**old thy peace childe thou put
my sinnes to rest. **T**here is no man that can take
out our bandes. **I**f I would say that I were
righteous and without sinne:
then thou mightest worshi-
p and commend me to the fire,

Psalmes. l

prepared for the Detill and
his angelles.

But I confesse, that I am
a sinner, and I doe humble
my heart in thy sight.

Wherely if any man would
stande with thee in iudge-
ment, he shall not be able to
answer one word to a thou-
sande thynges; where with
thou mightest charge hym.

Whiche maketh me to feare
all my doedes: knowing that
thou sparest not hym that
offendeth.

The Kynge

As I lye vpon the paper,
O how mightie and strange
thou art, if I shall cal for iud-
gemente; who shall defende
my matter, or speak for me:
Alas what, O how de-
crist to thee my Queene, I make
my life inuoluble safe:
O howne is daied byne an-
ger from me: What I maye
knowe that thou art more
mercifull vnto me, then my
spynne deserues:
What is my stryght, that
I maie indure: O what is
ende

ende of my trouble: that my
soule maie peacefully abide it:

My strength is not a stonie
strength: and my flesh is not
made of brass: nor is my
heart of iron.

There is no helpe in my
self: and my strength hath
forsaken me: nor is my
strength from me.

Although thou hide these
things in thine hart: yet
I knowe: that thou wilt re-
member me at length: if thou

for thou art true and iust
in lorde God: thou doest not
condemne vniustly: whiche

any man

rewar.

The Kyniges

remembred it was, according
to his desertes.

All this is come vnto me,
because I haue forgotte this,
and not vsed my self truly
in my reuerence.

My heart hath turned back
warde: and I haue followed
the desires of my flesh.

And thou hast surely know-
en this thing: which he know-
eth the best of the hart.

He is not against his
lord the founteyne of my youth:
nor haue I remembrance

myne

Psalmes. 11

myne olde iniuries doon a-
gainst thee.

Daily sorrowe overcometh
me : and fatnesse possesseth
my harte.

I looke after peace, but I
can not haue it: I looke for a
tyme of health, but my grief
continueth still,

When the tyme of thyne
anger is past, let mercy come
yet am I unhappy more and
more.

Woe and alas that euer I
synned: My harte therefore

V. s. mour.

The Kynges

mournethe & is sad, all mirth
and ioye be banished fro me.
How am I wounded? How
miserably am I confounded?
because I haue forsaken, and
caste auaile thy lawe.

Death hath ascended up by
the woundes & peareng the
inwarde partes of my harte.

When I sleepe, one while
in this secrette with my self,
an other while with loude
voies crye out and complain:
the meane tyme my hart doth
teeth nere to the pite.

Who

Psalmes

God shall giue me place
to rest in from all my grie-
fes and troubles And I will
forsake all men, and get me
awaye from them.

God shall giue me water
to my head, and a fountaine
of teares to my eyes so that
I maye bewaile my synnes
bothe night and daie in slawe.

And I will looke for hym,
whiche shall save me, and
deliuer me from the hande
of euill. Shal I not requyte

the benefite of my sinner the re-
ward of my enemye.

Psalm 124

W. J. life

The Kynges

life nor death: but I feare thy
iudgement, o lord, & the paines
prepared for wicked sin-
ners.

The feare of my sinne ma-
keth me carefull: & the bur-
den of my conscience oppres-
seth me sore.

O God, whiche tenderly
lovest mankind, & art most
rightful iudge: spare me now
I beseeche thee, and shew me
some favour while tyme is.

Forgive that which I feare
putte a booke that whiche I
dread:

Psalmes.

**Dread: before I depart hence,
and shall not returne again.**

**My synnes do bere & trouble
me so: thei be so greate
that none can be greater.**

**Alas my sal, alas my miserie,
alas y grief of my plague
and stroke: certainly my syn
is the cause of all this, and so
I will take and suffer it.**

**The .v. Psalme for
the obteinyng of
godly wiledome.**

V. ij.

D

The Kynges

O Loꝛde God of mercie,
whiche by thy woꝛde
hast made all thynges: and by
thy wysedome hast created
manne.

O God eternall, to whom
all thynges bee knowne, bee
thei neuer so secrete: whiche
knowest all thynges befoꝛe
thei be doon.

Open my lippes, and my
mouth, that I make speake
and shewe foꝛthe thy gloꝛie,
and praise of thy name.

Giue me a newe hart, and

a right spirit: & take from me
all wicked & sinfull desires.

Alas, I am foolish & igno-
rant and blinde, whē I am
destitute of thy knowledge.

I am ignorant and with-
out intelligēce, my dulnesse
is so great, that my eyes can
no see, nor my hart perceiue.

Yea, I am a very babe and
a child, and knowe full little
mine owne life & cōuersatiō.

My lippes bee defiled, and
uncleane, my tyme is short,
and I am not able to vnder-

stand. V.iiij. stande

The Kynges

Hande thy lawe.

Giue thy seruaunte I beseeche thee, an harte apte to take learning: that I maye knowe what thing is acceptable in thy sight at all times.

Sende doune from heauē the spirite of thy wisdomē, and replenishe my hart with knowledge thereof.

Thy wisdomē giueth true knowelge: and out of thy mouth procedeth bothe counsaile, and intelligence.

Thy wisdomē openeth the mouth

mouthe of the dombe : and
maketh the tongue of infan-
tes eloquent.

If any seme to be perfecte
among men: yet if thy wise-
dome forsake hym: he shalbe
reckened nothyng worthe.

Thy wisdom is to men
a treasure that faileth not:
which who so vse it, thei are
ioined to god in loue & amitie

Howe well is it with that
man, which is wittie in this
behalf, and hath his soule in-
dued with thy wisdom?

H. b. What

The Kynges

What manne in all the
worlde knoweth thy coun-
saile? Or who can compasse in
his minde, what thy willis?

How can he can cōprehende thy
purposis and mynde? Except
thou giue him wisdom, and
instructe hym with thy holie
spirite.

For mennes reasons dooe
faile in many thynges: and
their forescastes and inuenti-
ons be uncertaine & vn sure.

For the mortall and cor-
ruptable bodie muche grie-
ueth

Psalmes.

with the soule, and the earth
ly house of the bodie holdeth
downe the minde, makinge to
poore many thynges.

Comforte and good successe
commeth from aboue: wher
also wisdom is and vertue

With thee (O lord) is ri-
chesse, glorie, and righteous-
nesse, whiche be thy treasures
incorruptible.

He that hath found out thee
hath founde life: and he that
longeth not thee, longeth to death
and to the Lord (O Lord) my
and my

The Kynges

my mouth, that my iniquitie
maie bee dynen awaie:
steele thou in my harte, that
my synnes maie be purged.

¶ While some doeth not en-
ter into a malicious soule:
nor will abide in a bodie,
whiche is subiecte to synne.

¶ Teache me (O lorde God)
least my ignorance increase,
and my synnes waie more
and more.

¶ Let thy spirite teache me
the thynges that bee plea-
saunt vnto thee, that I maie
bee

Palmes.

bee ledde into the straighte
waie out of errors, wherein
I haue wandered ouer long.

Let thy wisdom be sta-
blished in my spirite: & write
thy lawe in my harte.

Thy wisdom is to me
more precious then al riches
and I desire more to haue it
than all other thinges, be thei
neuer so faire and goodly.

O lord thou knowest how
sore I am inflamed with the
loss of thy wisdom, which
is my onely studie, and me-
ditation.

The Kynges

1. **W**hy is thy word so sweet
to my hart?
thy wordes be to my hart
trulye rather more then he
me is to my mouth.

2. **T**hy word is a bright ca-
del to my feete, and a light
to my waies.

3. **T**hy wisdom please thine
more then thousandes of gold
or of silver can doe.

4. **I** haue more pleasure and
delectatiō in the waie of thy
wisdom, then in greate a-
bondance of treasure.

Would

¶ Psalmes. I

And thus it is ordeined, that I may
learne thy wisdom and thy
wordes.

Thy word giueth heate
and inflameth: wherefore I
greatly desire it.

And happy is he (lord) whoso
thou instructest: and makest
learned in thy lawe.

His soule hath alwaie
died wisdom: and his tongue
shall speake iudgement.

The lawe of God shall be
written in his harte: and he
shall

The Kynges

shall not be overthelwen as
he goeth.

O Lorde, whiche art my
God, and my sauour, heare
my prayer, and my tongue
shall ever speake, and sette
out thy mercies.

Give me wisdom which
is assistēt to thy throne: that
I mai: discerne betweene
good and euill, & mai: know
thy holy misteries.

Open myne eyes, that I
mai: perceiue, and beholde
the wonderfull thynges,
whiche

Psalmes.

whiche be in thy lawe.

Remember thy worde now
I call vpon thee: For I haue
put my hope in it, make me
to knowe the waye of thy
wisedom: and hide not thy
knowledge from me.

Order me accordyng too
thy mercie, and disappoynce
me not of that I looke for.

Teache me right wisdom
and intelligence: for thy wi-
sedome is all that I desire.

Putte thy worde in my
mouth: and fasten thy wise-

A. J. dome

The Kynges

come in my harte.

Let thy wisdom rule &
guide my thoughtes: That
thei maie alwaie please thee.

Thy wordes be wonderfull
and marueilous: wherefore
my soule deliteth in them.

Thy wisdom is perfect:
and thy knowledge is clere,
and giueth light to the eyes.

It is moze amiable then
golde and precious stones, it
is farre sweeter then the be-
lie combe.

Thy wisdom is pure,
AND

and vndeiled, and maketh
soules strong: thy wordes be
certaine & true, and giue vn-
derftādyng vnto the fimple.

When ſhal be that erreth
in his ſpīte haue knowe-
ledge: and when ſhal be that
is ignoꝝant haue learning:

When wilt thou ſende
downe thy holie ſpīte from
aboue: when ſhall the blinde
hart be lightned with know-
ledge: when ſhall the tongue
that ſtammereth bee made
eloquent:

The Kynges

I am like a babe without
wisdomie and discretion: let
thy strong hande (O Lorde)
be my helpe.

I knowe that thou canste
doe all thynges, and nothing
is harde to thee.

Thou art greates (O lorde)
and canste not bee knowne,
and thy wisdom is infinite.

I haue declared my cause
before thee: doe with thy ser-
uant, accoꝝdyng to thy great
mercie.

Take toward me, and haue
mer-

Plalmes.

mercie vpon me: that I may
byng to passe that, whiche
I beleue and thinke, may be
doen by thee.

Take the wale of thy wis-
dome known vnto me: and
replenishe my hart with the
knowledge thereof.

Hearc my voice (O lorde)
acco:dyng to thy mercie: in-
treate me acco:dyng to iud-
gemente.

Glory vnto thy name
(O Lo:de for thou onely art
good and wise: and there is
I. ly. none

The Kynges

none other saint: Beside the
Hear me (O Lorde) for
thy name sake: and withhold
not thy mercie from me.

My lipps shall speake and
set forth thy laude and praise
when thou haste taught me
thy wisdom.

When I will declare thy
marvelles: That other also
maie be converted vnto thee

And maie blesse thy name
for euer, woulde without
ende. Amen.

Of the

Palmes.

The sixte Psalme.

A Christian man praieth, that
he maie bee heard of GOD.

O Lozde heare my prai-
ers: and lette my crie
come to thee.

Turne not a waile thy face
from me, in the daie of my
tribulation.

What daie so ever I shall
call vpon thee: heare me (O
Lozde God.)

For thou arte greate and
wozkest wonders: thou one-
ly art God.

¶.iiiij. Also

The Kynges

Also thy woꝝkes be great:
thy thoughtes bee very pꝛo-
founde and deepe.

Boꝛowe doune thynne care
vnto me: and heare me, foꝛ I
am pooꝛe, and without help.

Haue mercie vpon me (O
loꝝd) foꝛ wheꝛ trouble cometh
I flie vnto thee foꝛ succour.

Make glad the soule of thy
seruaunt: foꝛ I haue liſted vꝑ
my harte vnto thee.

O loꝝde, thou art good and
mercifull: & of muche mercy
to al them that call vꝑoꝛ thee.

Hearc

Plalmes.

Hearre my request and petition, and graciously accept my pzaiers.

O Lozde GOD, in thee I trust: let me not be confounded, I beseeche thee: Deliver me in thy rightcousnesse.

Harken vnto the voice of my crie (O my kyng and my God) for I make my humble suite vnto thee.

Hear my voice, with which I call vppon thee: haue mercie vpon me, and saue me

My pzaiers bee euer vnto
I. v. thee

The Kynge

thee (O lorde God) if that the
tyme of thy gracious plea-
sure shall come, whe that ac-
cording to the multitude of
thy mercie, thou wilt heare
me in the truth of thy helth.

Haue regarde vnto me (O
lord) for thy mercie is swete
according to the multitude
of thy mercies, loke vpo me.

Goe not farre a waie from
me (O my God) but make
haste to helpe me.

Let my wordes be plea-
saunte vnto thee: and make
that

that thy thoughtes, and me-
ditation of my harte maie be
acceptable afoze thee.

Turne not awaie thy face
from thy seruaunt, so: trou-
ble riseth vp againste me on
euery side: wherefoze nowe
succour me.

My hart desireth thee, my
soule sekech for thee: I tarry
and looke when I maie be-
holde thy face.

Turne not awaie thy face
from me, cast not awaie thy
seruaunt in a displeasure.

Thou

The Kynges

Thou hast alwaies helped
me before this tyme: forsake
me not now in my moſte
need, O my lord and my God.

As thee I crie dailely, goe
not awaie fro me: and turne
not the deafe eare vnto me.

Cause my prayer to enter
into thy preſence: and let my
crie come vnto thee.

Hear me (O Lord) for I
liſte vp my mynde vnto thy
holie temple.

Help now in time of trou-
ble, for vain is the help of mā

Psalmes.

I looke after thy helpe, O
Lorde and to thy iudgement:
tes my will is confozmable.

Looke vnto me, and take
pittie vpon me: for I am poore
and left alone.

O Lorde God of hostes, if
thou wilt, thou maiest helpe
me: nothing can ouercome
thy strength.

My God, my God, leaue
me not in these greuous tri-
bulations for thy greate na-
mes sake.

O God, make hast to deli-
uer

The Kynges

uer me, O loꝛde make speede
to helpe me.

Be contented to deliuer
me: For in thee I truste, O
Loꝛde God.

Beholde, I haue no helpe
in my self: There is no man
that regardeth my necessitie

I am poore, and in miserie
and great calamitie: and my
strength is gone from me.

Arise vp, O Loꝛde, and de-
clare thy glorie vnto thy ser-
uaunte.

Let saluation and healthe
come

Palmes.

come to me frō thē: y all my
enemies maie be ashamed.

Thine arme is mightie and
strong: and when thou wilt
all thynges bee obedient un-
to thee.

Heauen is thine, yea, and
the earth is thine: thou ma-
dest the worlde, and all that
is therein.

Let thy mercie comforte
me: whiche surely I desire
more then this life.

I sticke to thy testimonies
O Loꝝde, let me not bee con-
foun-

The Kynges

founded.

Out of the depe I haue cal
led vnto thee, O lordes: lordes
heare my voice.

O let thyne eares marke
wel the voice of my cōplaint

O lordes, if thou impute my
sinnēs vnto me: how maie I
looke for thy grace & pardon?

But thy mercie exceadeth
all thynges: and thy truthe
passeth the heauens.

Wherfore my soule hath
looked to thee: and to thee
maketh humble pzaiers.

¶

Psalmes.

O God, bee not still keepe
not silence: but for thine owne
sake, see that thy holie name
be not dishonoured.

Extende out thy mercy to
them that call vpon thee, and
thy righteousness to them
that seeke thee.

I haue caste my burdeine
vpon thee, beare me vp: and
lette me not alwaies be in
waivering, seing that I haue
put my trust in thee.

My soule cleaueth vnto
thee: make thy right hand
to

The Kynges

to strengthen me against the
power of myne enemies.

Hearre me, O Lord, and de-
liuer me: incline thine eares
vnto my prayers, and saue
me, for I am poore: O Lord
haue regarde vnto me.

Thou, O Lord God, art
my helpe, and my saviour.

O God, thy waie is holie
and rightfule, what God is so
greate as thou, our god, art.

Thou doest marueilous
thynges: thy name is y^e Lord:
thou onely art the highest v-
pon

Psalmes.

pon all the earth.

• Bee now pacified toward
thy seruaunte: and hide thy
face from me no longer.

Be good vnto me, O lorde,
as thou art full of goodnesse
thy self, that I maie glory in
thee all the daies of my life.

My kypres reioyce to syng
praise vnto thee: and euen so
doeth my soule, whiche thou
hast redeemed.

My hart shal alwaies tru-
e by thy righteousnesse, when
they shal be confounded which

The Kynges

seke to doe me harme.

I wal kenne all the woe
of thy commaundementes,
when thou shalt vilafe, and
inlarge my harte. Amen.

The seuenth Psalm
for an order and direc-
tion of good liuyng.

Lo thee, O lozde, I lift
vp my mynde.

In thee I truste, O
lozde God, let me not bee co-
founded, lest mine enemies
make me their tolyng stork
and

Plalmes.

and a matter to laugh at.

O Lorde, make thy waies
knowne unto me: and trade
me in thy pathes.

Directe me in thy truthe,
and instruct me: for thou art
God my saulour: I looke af-
ter thee every daye.

O Lorde thou art sweete
and rightfull: and bringest a-
gaine into thy waie, them
that went out.

Thou ledeste streight in
thy iudgement them that be
milde and tractable: and tea-

king. the

The Kyngs

cheſt them that be in ke. thy
wordes and teſtimonies.

Thou healeſt them that
be contrite in harte: & all lo-
geſt their paines & griefes.

Thou holdeſt vp all theiſe,
whiche els ſhould fall: and al
that are fallen: thou liſteſt
vp againe.

Thou gineſt ſighte to the
blinde, and loſeſt them that
be bounden.

Thou art nigh vnto al the
that call vpon thee: ſo that
thei call vpon thee faithfully

Palmer.

ly and hartely.

Thou fulfillest the desire
of them that feare thee: and
hearest their prayer, and sa-
uest them.

Haue mercie vpon me (O
God) haue mercie vpon me:
for in thee my soule trusteth.

Merely my soule hath a
speciall respect vnto thee: for
my health, my glory, and all
my strength cometh from thee.

For thyne owne sake (O
Lorde God) laie not my syn-
nes to my charge.

Ps. lxxij.

3

The Kynge

I vnderstand not all mine
erroures: innumerable trou-
bles close me rounde aboute,
my synnes haue taken holde
vpon me: and I am not able
to looke vp.

But to thy hande to helpe
me: and leade me right in al
my woorkes.

Make me to walke perfect-
ly in thy waies, that no kind
of synne overcome me.

Sette a watche befoze my
mouth: and keepe the dooze
of my lippes.

Let

Lette the woozdes of my
mouthe, and the meditation
of my hart be euer pleasant
and acceptable in thy sight.

Let the woozde of trithe
never goe a waie from my
mouth; and suffer no malice
to dwell in my harte.

O Woꝛde, deliuer my soule
from lyng lippes: and saue
me fro the deceiptfull tonge

Put into my mouthe thy
true and holie woozde: and
take cleane from me all idle
and vnfruitfull speache.

mon

k. v. De,

The Kynges

Deliver me frō false sur-
mises, & accusations of men:
rule me enē as thou thinkest
good, after thy wil & pleasure
Turne a wate myne eyes,
that thei behold no vain thin-
ges: fasten them in thy way.

Take from me fornicatiō
and all uncleannesse: & let not
the loue of þe fleshe begile me
Hea, deliver my soule frō
pride, that it reigne not in
me, and then shall I be cleane
from the greatest synne.

Stare and keepe my scete
from

Psalmes I

from euery p^{er}ill wale, lead my
 steps (warne fro the pathes.
 to thy gates lode euery up to
 to thee (O lord) bicause thou
 art high at hand: and all thy
 waies be the truthe.

Thy mercies be great and
 many (O lord) blessed is he
 who serueth truly in the.

For when I saw to thee
 my feete be slipped thy mer-
 cy (O lord) by and by did
 holde me up on all I say, am

Teach me to do thy will
 and lead me by thy pathes
 that
 wale,

The Kynges

waite, for thou art my God:
and loe be save my soule, and
deliuer me from the power
of wickedness: and let
the brightnesse of thy
face, shine vpon thy seruants
for vnto thee (O Lorde God)
I haue fledde for succour:
and loke vnto me, and haue
mercy vpon me: for I am de-
solate and poore.
receiue my soule, & deliuer
me, that I be not confounded:
for I haue trusted in thee.
O Lorde God, forsake me
not:

Palmes.

not : although I have dooed
no good in thy sight.

For thy goodnesse graunt
me , that at the leaste wise
now I maie beginne to liue
well. Amen.

The eight Psalme.

A Christian man praiceth,
that he maie bee defended
from his enemies.

O God almightie., saue
me from mine enemies:
and by thy stronge po-
wer defende and kepe me,
Preserue

The Kynges

Preserue my soule, for thou
art holy: save thy seruaunte,
whiche trusteth in thee.

For strangers do assault
me daily: and seke my soule
to destroie it.

O God helpe thou me: O
Lorde, deliuer me from them
that rise vp against me.

Be ready, O God, to suc-
cour me: make hast to helpe
me, O Lorde.

Be thou my protectour
and a place of strength: toget-
her in thine house safely be.

For

Psalmes.

91 For thou art my strength
and my refuge: for thy name
sake leade and guide me.

Take me, O God, out of
the handes of mine enemies
and cast me not awaie in the
tyme of tribulation: whē all
my might is decayed & gone.

Helpe me, O lord God, &
saue me for thy mercies sake

Have mercie vpon me, O
lord, the God of my health
and in thy righteousness de-
liuer me.

From the veration of the
that

The Kynges

that persecute me: from the
assaulte of myne enemies:
whiche compasse me aboute
on enery side.

Let them be confounded &
brought to naught, which be
aduersaries vnto my soule:
let them bee couered with
shame and rebuke, whiche
seke my hurte.

Lette them tourne backe
with rebulle & shame, which
say, God hath forsaken him:
let vs sette on hym and take
hym: for there is none that
shal

Psalmes.

shall deliuer hym: and he
is: Deliuere thy self (o God)
into my hand: make it strong
my deliuerer: me from myne
enemies.

Destroye them by thy po-
wer: and bringe to naught al
their strength: till they be
as chaff: they be reioyce not, and
saie among themselves, we
have overcome hym: and he
shally cast hym downe.

For he is: (o Lorde God)
for in the daye I trusted: say
to my soule, be not dismayed,

91373111

R. f.

for

The Kynges

for I am with thee. I will
be with thee in thy handes; what
shall come of me, deliver me
from myne enemies, for yet
they cease not. 23. 11. 13

¶ Their trust is increased
bailymore and more. com-
panies of tirantes violent
they come on me, and they haue
not therebyng their person.

¶ But thou O Lord, be gra-
cious and mercifull, and suf-
fer it longe: and thy mercie
and truth be greatesse in
me. I will come into the, and haue
mercies. 24. 11. 13

Psalmes.

mercie vppon me: and indue
thy seruaunte with some of
thy strength: for I call vpon
thee: and earnestly make my
praiers in thy sight.

My enemies reioyce, that
I am fallē, and that my hart
hath turned out of thy waie.

But I trust in thy mercy,
and my harte is comforted,
in hope to haue help and sal-
uation from thee.

For thou art good & graci-
ous, thy mercye endureth e-
uer, and thy truthe conti-
nueth

The Kynges

meth from one generation
to an other.

Let al them reioice in thee
and be glad, which seke thee:
and let them whiche loue to
haue saluation of thee, saie:
magnified bee the Lorde fo-
uer. Amen.

The ninth Psalm.

Against enemies.

Se lorde and beholde, how
many thei be which trou-
ble me, howe many whiche
make rebellion against me.

Thei

Thei say among them sel-
ues of my soule: There is no
help of god for it to trust vpon

O lord god, in thee I haue
put my hope and trust: save
me from the, whiche do per-
secute me, and deliuer me.

Least peraduenture at one
tyme or an other, thei take
my life from me: and ther be
none to deliuer me fro them

Haue pitie vpon me (o lord)
loke vpon the affliction, which
I suffer of my enemies.

Forget not thy poore ser-

A.ij. uant

The Kynges

mainte, suffer not them,
Whiche be oppressed to looke
for helpe alwaies in vaine.

Put them to flight: disap-
point the of their purposes:
caste them downe headlong
as their wickednes hath be-
serued, for they are traitours
and rebelles against thee.

Let their power be brought
to naught: and their wicked-
nesse light vpon their owne
heades.

Lette the wicked kinners
returue into hell, and let the
fall

fall, nor be taken in the pit;
whiche thei haue digged.

¶ I will trust in thee (o lord)
whiche sauest them, that in
thee put their confidence.

¶ Thei saie, that thou forget
test thy seruantes, and that
thou hidest thy face, because
thou wilt not se their trouble.

¶ Their pride is to be muche
grief and vexation: and thei
gloste and triumphe in oure
trouble and aduersitie.

¶ How long (O Lord) wilt
thou stande a farre of, & hide

The Kynges

thy self in the tyme of tribu-
latione.

How long shal the wicked
despise thee: and sale in their
hartes, that thou regardest
nothing.

Wise vp (O lord) stretch
out thy hande: forget not the
whiche be oppressed.

Bring downe the power
of the wicked: that they may
perishe together with their
wickednesse.

Let thy scale sonainly come
upon them: the fierie Chan-
del

verbolten, and the spirite of
the whirle winde be portion
of their partesol.

3 Heuent his in the daie of
my tribulation: and deliuer
me out of my distresse.

4 Have mercie vpon me, for
I am troubled: an every side
and my strengt he is decayed,
through myne iniquitie.

5 Myne enemies speake of
me muche shame: rebuke:
and thei are wholie bent to
take my life from me.

6 The paines of death com-

The Kynges

pasle me rounde aboute and
the floudes of my synnes
trouble me soze.

The ropes of hell be tied
rounde aboute me: and I am
wzapped in þe sharo of death:
and whiche toate so rusel I
goe, I finde standing bloc
kes, to ouerthwpe me: on

Stande vp (O Lord) and
punish this naughty people,
and deliuer me from my de
celptull enemies.

Hear me in the day of my
tribulation: let thy mightie
name

hauke defende me.

Foz thou art my fortresse
and my gloꝝy: and bearest by
my weaknesse & infirmitie.

Save me Lorde I beseeche
thee, that mine enemies pre-
uaile not against me.

Powze out thy indignatiō
vpon the: and let the wꝛathe
of thy furie bere and trou-
ble them.

Let theim bee confounded
foz euer: yea, let them trem-
ble and perishe together.

Let the fall into the deepe
pit:

The Kynges

pitte: and neuer bee hable to
rise vp againe.

What thei maie knowe the
name to bee the Lorde of ho-
stes onely mightie and high,
worlde without ende. Amē.

The .x. Psalme.

When the enemies bee so
cruell, that he cannot
suffer them.

HAve mercie vpon me (o
God) for thyne enemye
tredeth me vnder his fete: he
ceaseth not to assaulte me,
and

and to doe me muche grief:

He alwaies cousteth too
swallowe me vp: and many
there be that proudly bragge
and craike against me.

Thei gather them selues
together in corners: Thei
watch my steppes, how thei
may take my soule in a trap.

Thei be like vnto a Lyon
that is greedie of his prey,
and like a yonge Lyon, thei
prinely lye in waite for me.

Thei doe beset my waies
that I should not escape: thei
glasse
looke

The Kynges

looke and stare vpon me, to
take me in their snare.

They haue prepared a net
for my feete: they haue dig-
ged a deepe pitte, that my
soule might fall therein.

Make me strong (O lorde
GOD) by thy might and po-
wer: make my waie perfect
before thee.

Kepe my steppes continu-
ally in right pathes, leaste
perchaunce my feete begin
to slippe.

I am sobered, that I am
utterly

Psalmes.

utterly wearie: helpe me a-
gainst the that lye in waite
for the. ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ³² ³³ ³⁴ ³⁵ ³⁶ ³⁷ ³⁸ ³⁹ ⁴⁰ ⁴¹ ⁴² ⁴³ ⁴⁴ ⁴⁵ ⁴⁶ ⁴⁷ ⁴⁸ ⁴⁹ ⁵⁰ ⁵¹ ⁵² ⁵³ ⁵⁴ ⁵⁵ ⁵⁶ ⁵⁷ ⁵⁸ ⁵⁹ ⁶⁰ ⁶¹ ⁶² ⁶³ ⁶⁴ ⁶⁵ ⁶⁶ ⁶⁷ ⁶⁸ ⁶⁹ ⁷⁰ ⁷¹ ⁷² ⁷³ ⁷⁴ ⁷⁵ ⁷⁶ ⁷⁷ ⁷⁸ ⁷⁹ ⁸⁰ ⁸¹ ⁸² ⁸³ ⁸⁴ ⁸⁵ ⁸⁶ ⁸⁷ ⁸⁸ ⁸⁹ ⁹⁰ ⁹¹ ⁹² ⁹³ ⁹⁴ ⁹⁵ ⁹⁶ ⁹⁷ ⁹⁸ ⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰ ¹⁰¹ ¹⁰² ¹⁰³ ¹⁰⁴ ¹⁰⁵ ¹⁰⁶ ¹⁰⁷ ¹⁰⁸ ¹⁰⁹ ¹¹⁰ ¹¹¹ ¹¹² ¹¹³ ¹¹⁴ ¹¹⁵ ¹¹⁶ ¹¹⁷ ¹¹⁸ ¹¹⁹ ¹²⁰ ¹²¹ ¹²² ¹²³ ¹²⁴ ¹²⁵ ¹²⁶ ¹²⁷ ¹²⁸ ¹²⁹ ¹³⁰ ¹³¹ ¹³² ¹³³ ¹³⁴ ¹³⁵ ¹³⁶ ¹³⁷ ¹³⁸ ¹³⁹ ¹⁴⁰ ¹⁴¹ ¹⁴² ¹⁴³ ¹⁴⁴ ¹⁴⁵ ¹⁴⁶ ¹⁴⁷ ¹⁴⁸ ¹⁴⁹ ¹⁵⁰ ¹⁵¹ ¹⁵² ¹⁵³ ¹⁵⁴ ¹⁵⁵ ¹⁵⁶ ¹⁵⁷ ¹⁵⁸ ¹⁵⁹ ¹⁶⁰ ¹⁶¹ ¹⁶² ¹⁶³ ¹⁶⁴ ¹⁶⁵ ¹⁶⁶ ¹⁶⁷ ¹⁶⁸ ¹⁶⁹ ¹⁷⁰ ¹⁷¹ ¹⁷² ¹⁷³ ¹⁷⁴ ¹⁷⁵ ¹⁷⁶ ¹⁷⁷ ¹⁷⁸ ¹⁷⁹ ¹⁸⁰ ¹⁸¹ ¹⁸² ¹⁸³ ¹⁸⁴ ¹⁸⁵ ¹⁸⁶ ¹⁸⁷ ¹⁸⁸ ¹⁸⁹ ¹⁹⁰ ¹⁹¹ ¹⁹² ¹⁹³ ¹⁹⁴ ¹⁹⁵ ¹⁹⁶ ¹⁹⁷ ¹⁹⁸ ¹⁹⁹ ²⁰⁰ ²⁰¹ ²⁰² ²⁰³ ²⁰⁴ ²⁰⁵ ²⁰⁶ ²⁰⁷ ²⁰⁸ ²⁰⁹ ²¹⁰ ²¹¹ ²¹² ²¹³ ²¹⁴ ²¹⁵ ²¹⁶ ²¹⁷ ²¹⁸ ²¹⁹ ²²⁰ ²²¹ ²²² ²²³ ²²⁴ ²²⁵ ²²⁶ ²²⁷ ²²⁸ ²²⁹ ²³⁰ ²³¹ ²³² ²³³ ²³⁴ ²³⁵ ²³⁶ ²³⁷ ²³⁸ ²³⁹ ²⁴⁰ ²⁴¹ ²⁴² ²⁴³ ²⁴⁴ ²⁴⁵ ²⁴⁶ ²⁴⁷ ²⁴⁸ ²⁴⁹ ²⁵⁰ ²⁵¹ ²⁵² ²⁵³ ²⁵⁴ ²⁵⁵ ²⁵⁶ ²⁵⁷ ²⁵⁸ ²⁵⁹ ²⁶⁰ ²⁶¹ ²⁶² ²⁶³ ²⁶⁴ ²⁶⁵ ²⁶⁶ ²⁶⁷ ²⁶⁸ ²⁶⁹ ²⁷⁰ ²⁷¹ ²⁷² ²⁷³ ²⁷⁴ ²⁷⁵ ²⁷⁶ ²⁷⁷ ²⁷⁸ ²⁷⁹ ²⁸⁰ ²⁸¹ ²⁸² ²⁸³ ²⁸⁴ ²⁸⁵ ²⁸⁶ ²⁸⁷ ²⁸⁸ ²⁸⁹ ²⁹⁰ ²⁹¹ ²⁹² ²⁹³ ²⁹⁴ ²⁹⁵ ²⁹⁶ ²⁹⁷ ²⁹⁸ ²⁹⁹ ³⁰⁰ ³⁰¹ ³⁰² ³⁰³ ³⁰⁴ ³⁰⁵ ³⁰⁶ ³⁰⁷ ³⁰⁸ ³⁰⁹ ³¹⁰ ³¹¹ ³¹² ³¹³ ³¹⁴ ³¹⁵ ³¹⁶ ³¹⁷ ³¹⁸ ³¹⁹ ³²⁰ ³²¹ ³²² ³²³ ³²⁴ ³²⁵ ³²⁶ ³²⁷ ³²⁸ ³²⁹ ³³⁰ ³³¹ ³³² ³³³ ³³⁴ ³³⁵ ³³⁶ ³³⁷ ³³⁸ ³³⁹ ³⁴⁰ ³⁴¹ ³⁴² ³⁴³ ³⁴⁴ ³⁴⁵ ³⁴⁶ ³⁴⁷ ³⁴⁸ ³⁴⁹ ³⁵⁰ ³⁵¹ ³⁵² ³⁵³ ³⁵⁴ ³⁵⁵ ³⁵⁶ ³⁵⁷ ³⁵⁸ ³⁵⁹ ³⁶⁰ ³⁶¹ ³⁶² ³⁶³ ³⁶⁴ ³⁶⁵ ³⁶⁶ ³⁶⁷ ³⁶⁸ ³⁶⁹ ³⁷⁰ ³⁷¹ ³⁷² ³⁷³ ³⁷⁴ ³⁷⁵ ³⁷⁶ ³⁷⁷ ³⁷⁸ ³⁷⁹ ³⁸⁰ ³⁸¹ ³⁸² ³⁸³ ³⁸⁴ ³⁸⁵ ³⁸⁶ ³⁸⁷ ³⁸⁸ ³⁸⁹ ³⁹⁰ ³⁹¹ ³⁹² ³⁹³ ³⁹⁴ ³⁹⁵ ³⁹⁶ ³⁹⁷ ³⁹⁸ ³⁹⁹ ⁴⁰⁰ ⁴⁰¹ ⁴⁰² ⁴⁰³ ⁴⁰⁴ ⁴⁰⁵ ⁴⁰⁶ ⁴⁰⁷ ⁴⁰⁸ ⁴⁰⁹ ⁴¹⁰ ⁴¹¹ ⁴¹² ⁴¹³ ⁴¹⁴ ⁴¹⁵ ⁴¹⁶ ⁴¹⁷ ⁴¹⁸ ⁴¹⁹ ⁴²⁰ ⁴²¹ ⁴²² ⁴²³ ⁴²⁴ ⁴²⁵ ⁴²⁶ ⁴²⁷ ⁴²⁸ ⁴²⁹ ⁴³⁰ ⁴³¹ ⁴³² ⁴³³ ⁴³⁴ ⁴³⁵ ⁴³⁶ ⁴³⁷ ⁴³⁸ ⁴³⁹ ⁴⁴⁰ ⁴⁴¹ ⁴⁴² ⁴⁴³ ⁴⁴⁴ ⁴⁴⁵ ⁴⁴⁶ ⁴⁴⁷ ⁴⁴⁸ ⁴⁴⁹ ⁴⁵⁰ ⁴⁵¹ ⁴⁵² ⁴⁵³ ⁴⁵⁴ ⁴⁵⁵ ⁴⁵⁶ ⁴⁵⁷ ⁴⁵⁸ ⁴⁵⁹ ⁴⁶⁰ ⁴⁶¹ ⁴⁶² ⁴⁶³ ⁴⁶⁴ ⁴⁶⁵ ⁴⁶⁶ ⁴⁶⁷ ⁴⁶⁸ ⁴⁶⁹ ⁴⁷⁰ ⁴⁷¹ ⁴⁷² ⁴⁷³ ⁴⁷⁴ ⁴⁷⁵ ⁴⁷⁶ ⁴⁷⁷ ⁴⁷⁸ ⁴⁷⁹ ⁴⁸⁰ ⁴⁸¹ ⁴⁸² ⁴⁸³ ⁴⁸⁴ ⁴⁸⁵ ⁴⁸⁶ ⁴⁸⁷ ⁴⁸⁸ ⁴⁸⁹ ⁴⁹⁰ ⁴⁹¹ ⁴⁹² ⁴⁹³ ⁴⁹⁴ ⁴⁹⁵ ⁴⁹⁶ ⁴⁹⁷ ⁴⁹⁸ ⁴⁹⁹ ⁵⁰⁰ ⁵⁰¹ ⁵⁰² ⁵⁰³ ⁵⁰⁴ ⁵⁰⁵ ⁵⁰⁶ ⁵⁰⁷ ⁵⁰⁸ ⁵⁰⁹ ⁵¹⁰ ⁵¹¹ ⁵¹² ⁵¹³ ⁵¹⁴ ⁵¹⁵ ⁵¹⁶ ⁵¹⁷ ⁵¹⁸ ⁵¹⁹ ⁵²⁰ ⁵²¹ ⁵²² ⁵²³ ⁵²⁴ ⁵²⁵ ⁵²⁶ ⁵²⁷ ⁵²⁸ ⁵²⁹ ⁵³⁰ ⁵³¹ ⁵³² ⁵³³ ⁵³⁴ ⁵³⁵ ⁵³⁶ ⁵³⁷ ⁵³⁸ ⁵³⁹ ⁵⁴⁰ ⁵⁴¹ ⁵⁴² ⁵⁴³ ⁵⁴⁴ ⁵⁴⁵ ⁵⁴⁶ ⁵⁴⁷ ⁵⁴⁸ ⁵⁴⁹ ⁵⁵⁰ ⁵⁵¹ ⁵⁵² ⁵⁵³ ⁵⁵⁴ ⁵⁵⁵ ⁵⁵⁶ ⁵⁵⁷ ⁵⁵⁸ ⁵⁵⁹ ⁵⁶⁰ ⁵⁶¹ ⁵⁶² ⁵⁶³ ⁵⁶⁴ ⁵⁶⁵ ⁵⁶⁶ ⁵⁶⁷ ⁵⁶⁸ ⁵⁶⁹ ⁵⁷⁰ ⁵⁷¹ ⁵⁷² ⁵⁷³ ⁵⁷⁴ ⁵⁷⁵ ⁵⁷⁶ ⁵⁷⁷ ⁵⁷⁸ ⁵⁷⁹ ⁵⁸⁰ ⁵⁸¹ ⁵⁸² ⁵⁸³ ⁵⁸⁴ ⁵⁸⁵ ⁵⁸⁶ ⁵⁸⁷ ⁵⁸⁸ ⁵⁸⁹ ⁵⁹⁰ ⁵⁹¹ ⁵⁹² ⁵⁹³ ⁵⁹⁴ ⁵⁹⁵ ⁵⁹⁶ ⁵⁹⁷ ⁵⁹⁸ ⁵⁹⁹ ⁶⁰⁰ ⁶⁰¹ ⁶⁰² ⁶⁰³ ⁶⁰⁴ ⁶⁰⁵ ⁶⁰⁶ ⁶⁰⁷ ⁶⁰⁸ ⁶⁰⁹ ⁶¹⁰ ⁶¹¹ ⁶¹² ⁶¹³ ⁶¹⁴ ⁶¹⁵ ⁶¹⁶ ⁶¹⁷ ⁶¹⁸ ⁶¹⁹ ⁶²⁰ ⁶²¹ ⁶²² ⁶²³ ⁶²⁴ ⁶²⁵ ⁶²⁶ ⁶²⁷ ⁶²⁸ ⁶²⁹ ⁶³⁰ ⁶³¹ ⁶³² ⁶³³ ⁶³⁴ ⁶³⁵ ⁶³⁶ ⁶³⁷ ⁶³⁸ ⁶³⁹ ⁶⁴⁰ ⁶⁴¹ ⁶⁴² ⁶⁴³ ⁶⁴⁴ ⁶⁴⁵ ⁶⁴⁶ ⁶⁴⁷ ⁶⁴⁸ ⁶⁴⁹ ⁶⁵⁰ ⁶⁵¹ ⁶⁵² ⁶⁵³ ⁶⁵⁴ ⁶⁵⁵ ⁶⁵⁶ ⁶⁵⁷ ⁶⁵⁸ ⁶⁵⁹ ⁶⁶⁰ ⁶⁶¹ ⁶⁶² ⁶⁶³ ⁶⁶⁴ ⁶⁶⁵ ⁶⁶⁶ ⁶⁶⁷ ⁶⁶⁸ ⁶⁶⁹ ⁶⁷⁰ ⁶⁷¹ ⁶⁷² ⁶⁷³ ⁶⁷⁴ ⁶⁷⁵ ⁶⁷⁶ ⁶⁷⁷ ⁶⁷⁸ ⁶⁷⁹ ⁶⁸⁰ ⁶⁸¹ ⁶⁸² ⁶⁸³ ⁶⁸⁴ ⁶⁸⁵ ⁶⁸⁶ ⁶⁸⁷ ⁶⁸⁸ ⁶⁸⁹ ⁶⁹⁰ ⁶⁹¹ ⁶⁹² ⁶⁹³ ⁶⁹⁴ ⁶⁹⁵ ⁶⁹⁶ ⁶⁹⁷ ⁶⁹⁸ ⁶⁹⁹ ⁷⁰⁰ ⁷⁰¹ ⁷⁰² ⁷⁰³ ⁷⁰⁴ ⁷⁰⁵ ⁷⁰⁶ ⁷⁰⁷ ⁷⁰⁸ ⁷⁰⁹ ⁷¹⁰ ⁷¹¹ ⁷¹² ⁷¹³ ⁷¹⁴ ⁷¹⁵ ⁷¹⁶ ⁷¹⁷ ⁷¹⁸ ⁷¹⁹ ⁷²⁰ ⁷²¹ ⁷²² ⁷²³ ⁷²⁴ ⁷²⁵ ⁷²⁶ ⁷²⁷ ⁷²⁸ ⁷²⁹ ⁷³⁰ ⁷³¹ ⁷³² ⁷³³ ⁷³⁴ ⁷³⁵ ⁷³⁶ ⁷³⁷ ⁷³⁸ ⁷³⁹ ⁷⁴⁰ ⁷⁴¹ ⁷⁴² ⁷⁴³ ⁷⁴⁴ ⁷⁴⁵ ⁷⁴⁶ ⁷⁴⁷ ⁷⁴⁸ ⁷⁴⁹ ⁷⁵⁰ ⁷⁵¹ ⁷⁵² ⁷⁵³ ⁷⁵⁴ ⁷⁵⁵ ⁷⁵⁶ ⁷⁵⁷ ⁷⁵⁸ ⁷⁵⁹ ⁷⁶⁰ ⁷⁶¹ ⁷⁶² ⁷⁶³ ⁷⁶⁴ ⁷⁶⁵ ⁷⁶⁶ ⁷⁶⁷ ⁷⁶⁸ ⁷⁶⁹ ⁷⁷⁰ ⁷⁷¹ ⁷⁷² ⁷⁷³ ⁷⁷⁴ ⁷⁷⁵ ⁷⁷⁶ ⁷⁷⁷ ⁷⁷⁸ ⁷⁷⁹ ⁷⁸⁰ ⁷⁸¹ ⁷⁸² ⁷⁸³ ⁷⁸⁴ ⁷⁸⁵ ⁷⁸⁶ ⁷⁸⁷ ⁷⁸⁸ ⁷⁸⁹ ⁷⁹⁰ ⁷⁹¹ ⁷⁹² ⁷⁹³ ⁷⁹⁴ ⁷⁹⁵ ⁷⁹⁶ ⁷⁹⁷ ⁷⁹⁸ ⁷⁹⁹ ⁸⁰⁰ ⁸⁰¹ ⁸⁰² ⁸⁰³ ⁸⁰⁴ ⁸⁰⁵ ⁸⁰⁶ ⁸⁰⁷ ⁸⁰⁸ ⁸⁰⁹ ⁸¹⁰ ⁸¹¹ ⁸¹² ⁸¹³ ⁸¹⁴ ⁸¹⁵ ⁸¹⁶ ⁸¹⁷ ⁸¹⁸ ⁸¹⁹ ⁸²⁰ ⁸²¹ ⁸²² ⁸²³ ⁸²⁴ ⁸²⁵ ⁸²⁶ ⁸²⁷ ⁸²⁸ ⁸²⁹ ⁸³⁰ ⁸³¹ ⁸³² ⁸³³ ⁸³⁴ ⁸³⁵ ⁸³⁶ ⁸³⁷ ⁸³⁸ ⁸³⁹ ⁸⁴⁰ ⁸⁴¹ ⁸⁴² ⁸⁴³ ⁸⁴⁴ ⁸⁴⁵ ⁸⁴⁶ ⁸⁴⁷ ⁸⁴⁸ ⁸⁴⁹ ⁸⁵⁰ ⁸⁵¹ ⁸⁵² ⁸⁵³ ⁸⁵⁴ ⁸⁵⁵ ⁸⁵⁶ ⁸⁵⁷ ⁸⁵⁸ ⁸⁵⁹ ⁸⁶⁰ ⁸⁶¹ ⁸⁶² ⁸⁶³ ⁸⁶⁴ ⁸⁶⁵ ⁸⁶⁶ ⁸⁶⁷ ⁸⁶⁸ ⁸⁶⁹ ⁸⁷⁰ ⁸⁷¹ ⁸⁷² ⁸⁷³ ⁸⁷⁴ ⁸⁷⁵ ⁸⁷⁶ ⁸⁷⁷ ⁸⁷⁸ ⁸⁷⁹ ⁸⁸⁰ ⁸⁸¹ ⁸⁸² ⁸⁸³ ⁸⁸⁴ ⁸⁸⁵ ⁸⁸⁶ ⁸⁸⁷ ⁸⁸⁸ ⁸⁸⁹ ⁸⁹⁰ ⁸⁹¹ ⁸⁹² ⁸⁹³ ⁸⁹⁴ ⁸⁹⁵ ⁸⁹⁶ ⁸⁹⁷ ⁸⁹⁸ ⁸⁹⁹ ⁹⁰⁰ ⁹⁰¹ ⁹⁰² ⁹⁰³ ⁹⁰⁴ ⁹⁰⁵ ⁹⁰⁶ ⁹⁰⁷ ⁹⁰⁸ ⁹⁰⁹ ⁹¹⁰ ⁹¹¹ ⁹¹² ⁹¹³ ⁹¹⁴ ⁹¹⁵ ⁹¹⁶ ⁹¹⁷ ⁹¹⁸ ⁹¹⁹ ⁹²⁰ ⁹²¹ ⁹²² ⁹²³ ⁹²⁴ ⁹²⁵ ⁹²⁶ ⁹²⁷ ⁹²⁸ ⁹²⁹ ⁹³⁰ ⁹³¹ ⁹³² ⁹³³ ⁹³⁴ ⁹³⁵ ⁹³⁶ ⁹³⁷ ⁹³⁸ ⁹³⁹ ⁹⁴⁰ ⁹⁴¹ ⁹⁴² ⁹⁴³ ⁹⁴⁴ ⁹⁴⁵ ⁹⁴⁶ ⁹⁴⁷ ⁹⁴⁸ ⁹⁴⁹ ⁹⁵⁰ ⁹⁵¹ ⁹⁵² ⁹⁵³ ⁹⁵⁴ ⁹⁵⁵ ⁹⁵⁶ ⁹⁵⁷ ⁹⁵⁸ ⁹⁵⁹ ⁹⁶⁰ ⁹⁶¹ ⁹⁶² ⁹⁶³ ⁹⁶⁴ ⁹⁶⁵ ⁹⁶⁶ ⁹⁶⁷ ⁹⁶⁸ ⁹⁶⁹ ⁹⁷⁰ ⁹⁷¹ ⁹⁷² ⁹⁷³ ⁹⁷⁴ ⁹⁷⁵ ⁹⁷⁶ ⁹⁷⁷ ⁹⁷⁸ ⁹⁷⁹ ⁹⁸⁰ ⁹⁸¹ ⁹⁸² ⁹⁸³ ⁹⁸⁴ ⁹⁸⁵ ⁹⁸⁶ ⁹⁸⁷ ⁹⁸⁸ ⁹⁸⁹ ⁹⁹⁰ ⁹⁹¹ ⁹⁹² ⁹⁹³ ⁹⁹⁴ ⁹⁹⁵ ⁹⁹⁶ ⁹⁹⁷ ⁹⁹⁸ ⁹⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰⁰ ¹⁰⁰¹ ¹⁰⁰² ¹⁰⁰³ ¹⁰⁰⁴ ¹⁰⁰⁵ ¹⁰⁰⁶ ¹⁰⁰⁷ ¹⁰⁰⁸ ¹⁰⁰⁹ ¹⁰¹⁰ ¹⁰¹¹ ¹⁰¹² ¹⁰¹³ ¹⁰¹⁴ ¹⁰¹⁵ ¹⁰¹⁶ ¹⁰¹⁷ ¹⁰¹⁸ ¹⁰¹⁹ ¹⁰²⁰ ¹⁰²¹ ¹⁰²² ¹⁰²³ ¹⁰²⁴ ¹⁰²⁵ ¹⁰²⁶ ¹⁰²⁷ ¹⁰²⁸ ¹⁰²⁹ ¹⁰³⁰ ¹⁰³¹ ¹⁰³² ¹⁰³³ ¹⁰³⁴ ¹⁰³⁵ ¹⁰³⁶ ¹⁰³⁷ ¹⁰³⁸ ¹⁰³⁹ ¹⁰⁴⁰ ¹⁰⁴¹ ¹⁰⁴² ¹⁰⁴³ ¹⁰⁴⁴ ¹⁰⁴⁵ ¹⁰⁴⁶ ¹⁰⁴⁷ ¹⁰⁴⁸ ¹⁰⁴⁹ ¹⁰⁵⁰ ¹⁰⁵¹ ¹⁰⁵² ¹⁰⁵³ ¹⁰⁵⁴ ¹⁰⁵⁵ ¹⁰⁵⁶ ¹⁰⁵⁷ ¹⁰⁵⁸ ¹⁰⁵⁹ ¹⁰⁶⁰ ¹⁰⁶¹ ¹⁰⁶² ¹⁰⁶³ ¹⁰⁶⁴ ¹⁰⁶⁵ ¹⁰⁶⁶ ¹⁰⁶⁷ ¹⁰⁶⁸ ¹⁰⁶⁹ ¹⁰⁷⁰ ¹⁰⁷¹ ¹⁰⁷² ¹⁰⁷³ ¹⁰⁷⁴ ¹⁰⁷⁵ ¹⁰⁷⁶ ¹⁰⁷⁷ ¹⁰⁷⁸ ¹⁰⁷⁹ ¹⁰⁸⁰ ¹⁰⁸¹ ¹⁰⁸² ¹⁰⁸³ ¹⁰⁸⁴ ¹⁰⁸⁵ ¹⁰⁸⁶ ¹⁰⁸⁷ ¹⁰⁸⁸ ¹⁰⁸⁹ ¹⁰⁹⁰ ¹⁰⁹¹ ¹⁰⁹² ¹⁰⁹³ ¹⁰⁹⁴ ¹⁰⁹⁵ ¹⁰⁹⁶ ¹⁰⁹⁷ ¹⁰⁹⁸ ¹⁰⁹⁹ ¹¹⁰⁰ ¹¹⁰¹ ¹¹⁰² ¹¹⁰³ ¹¹⁰⁴ ¹¹⁰⁵ ¹¹⁰⁶ ¹¹⁰⁷ ¹¹⁰⁸ ¹¹⁰⁹ ¹¹¹⁰ ¹¹¹¹ ¹¹¹² ¹¹¹³ ¹¹¹⁴ ¹¹¹⁵ ¹¹¹⁶ ¹¹¹⁷ ¹¹¹⁸ ¹¹¹⁹ ¹¹²⁰ ¹¹²¹ ¹¹²² ¹¹²³ ¹¹²⁴ ¹¹²⁵ ¹¹²⁶ ¹¹²⁷ ¹¹²⁸ ¹¹²⁹ ¹¹³⁰ ¹¹³¹ ¹¹³² ¹¹³³ ¹¹³⁴ ¹¹³⁵ ¹¹³⁶ ¹¹³⁷ ¹¹³⁸ ¹¹³⁹ ¹¹⁴⁰ ¹¹⁴¹ ¹¹⁴² ¹¹⁴³ ¹¹⁴⁴ ¹¹⁴⁵ ¹¹⁴⁶ ¹¹⁴⁷ ¹¹⁴⁸ ¹¹⁴⁹ ¹¹⁵⁰ ¹¹⁵¹ ¹¹⁵² ¹¹⁵³ ¹¹⁵⁴ ¹¹⁵⁵ ¹¹⁵⁶ ¹¹⁵⁷ ¹¹⁵⁸ ¹¹⁵⁹ ¹¹⁶⁰ ¹¹⁶¹ ¹¹⁶² ¹¹⁶³ ¹¹⁶⁴ ¹¹⁶⁵ ¹¹⁶⁶ ¹¹⁶⁷ ¹¹⁶⁸ ¹¹⁶⁹ ¹¹⁷⁰ ¹¹⁷¹ ¹¹⁷² ¹¹⁷³ ¹¹⁷⁴ ¹¹⁷⁵ ¹¹⁷⁶ ¹¹⁷⁷ ¹¹⁷⁸ ¹¹⁷⁹ ¹¹⁸⁰ ¹¹⁸¹ ¹¹⁸² ¹¹⁸³ ¹¹⁸⁴ ¹¹⁸⁵ ¹¹⁸⁶ ¹¹⁸⁷ ¹¹⁸⁸ ¹¹⁸⁹ ¹¹⁹⁰ ¹¹⁹¹ ¹¹⁹² ¹¹⁹³ ¹¹⁹⁴ ¹¹⁹⁵ ¹¹⁹⁶ ¹¹⁹⁷ ¹¹⁹⁸ ¹¹⁹⁹ ¹²⁰⁰ ¹²⁰¹ ¹²⁰² ¹²⁰³ ¹²⁰⁴ ¹²⁰⁵ ¹²⁰⁶ ¹²⁰⁷ ¹²⁰⁸ ¹²⁰⁹ ¹²¹⁰ ¹²¹¹ ¹²¹² ¹²¹³ ¹²¹⁴ ¹²¹⁵ ¹²¹⁶ ¹²¹⁷ ¹²¹⁸ ¹²¹⁹ ¹²²⁰ ¹²²¹ ¹²²² ¹²²³ ¹²²⁴ ¹²²⁵ ¹²²⁶ ¹²²⁷ ¹²²⁸ ¹²²⁹ ¹²³⁰ ¹²³¹ ¹²³² ¹²³³ ¹²³⁴ ¹²³⁵ ¹²³⁶ ¹²³⁷ ¹²³⁸ ¹²³⁹ ¹²⁴⁰ ¹²⁴¹ ¹²⁴² ¹²⁴³ ¹²⁴⁴ ¹²⁴⁵ ¹²⁴⁶ ¹²⁴⁷ ¹²⁴⁸ ¹²⁴⁹ ¹²⁵⁰ ¹²⁵¹ ¹²⁵² ¹²⁵³ ¹²⁵⁴ ¹²⁵⁵ ¹²⁵⁶ ¹²⁵⁷ ¹²⁵⁸ ¹²⁵⁹ ¹²⁶⁰ ¹²⁶¹ ¹²⁶² ¹²⁶³ ¹²⁶⁴ ¹²⁶⁵ ¹²⁶⁶ ¹²⁶⁷ ¹²⁶⁸ ¹²⁶⁹ ¹²⁷⁰ ¹²⁷¹ ¹²⁷² ¹²⁷³ ¹²⁷⁴ ¹²⁷⁵ ¹²⁷⁶ ¹²⁷⁷ ¹²⁷⁸ ¹²⁷⁹ ¹²⁸⁰ ¹²⁸¹ ¹²⁸² ¹²⁸³ ¹²⁸⁴ ¹²⁸⁵ ¹²⁸⁶ ¹²⁸⁷ ¹²⁸⁸ ¹²⁸⁹ ¹²⁹⁰ ¹²⁹¹ ¹²⁹² ¹²⁹³ ¹²⁹⁴ ¹²⁹⁵ ¹²⁹⁶ ¹²⁹⁷ ¹²⁹⁸ ¹²⁹⁹ ¹³⁰⁰ ¹³⁰¹ ¹³⁰² ¹³⁰³ ¹³⁰⁴ ¹³⁰⁵ ¹³⁰⁶ ¹³⁰⁷ ¹³⁰⁸ ¹³⁰⁹ ¹³¹⁰ ¹³¹¹ ¹³¹² ¹³¹³ ¹³¹⁴ ¹³¹⁵ ¹³¹⁶ ¹³¹⁷ ¹³¹⁸ ¹³¹⁹ ¹³²⁰ ¹³²¹ ¹³²² ¹³²³ ¹³²⁴ ¹³²⁵ ¹³²⁶ ¹³²⁷ ¹³²⁸ ¹³²⁹ ¹³³⁰ ¹³³¹ ¹³³² ¹³³³ ¹³³⁴ ¹³³⁵ ¹³³⁶ ¹³³⁷ ¹³³⁸ ¹³³⁹ ¹³⁴⁰

The Kynges

against me: sende forth thy light and
thy truthe, and thei shall lead
me into thy holy hill, and in-
to thy tabernacles.

Instruct & teache my handes
to battaile: make my ar-
mes stronge like a bowe of
steele.

Girde me with strengthe
to battaile: ouerthrowe the
that arise against me.

Instructe me in the waie,
wherein I maie walke: pro-
uide for me by thy oversight

Call

11 Cast down mine enemies
before my face: and destroy
them that hate me.

12 Cast mine enemies over
come me, and the companies
of tyrants ouerwhelme me.

13 Make my teete to be sted-
fast: and my pathes streight.

14 Their tongues shal bee glad
of my fall & derision: they
be assembled together against
me: they strike to kille me in
the water: be thou my deli-
uere of them.

15 Let their curse and banne
come upon me.

The Kynges

Woozdes every daie (and all
their thoughtes be set to do
me harme.

My life is as it were in
the thibbes of fierre Wyones
whose teethe bee like unto
speares: and their tonge like
a sharpe flodde.

Who shall stand with
me against all those who
shall overcome these wooz-
des of iniquitie.

Whel shall see and reue
awake (O Lord) all those
that rebekell thine, from
the

Psalmes.

the voice of thy thunder thei
shall reue headlong.

When the voice looketh vpon the
earth, and it wholly quaketh:
when he toucheth the billes,
and thei smoke: iudgements
proceedeth frō thy face, thyne
eyes doe approue equitie.

Heepe me, O Lord, from
mine aduersaries: and vnder
the shadowe of thy wynges
defende me.

Judge them that hurt me:
fight against them that fight
with me.

Ps. y. Let

The Kynge

Let them goe backwarde
and haue euill lucke, whiche
persecute me: putte them to
shame, that will my harte.

Make them to be as duste
in the winde: and let thy an-
gell bere and disquiet them.

Let them vanithe a waie
like smoke: and as waxe mel-
teth with the heate of fire,
so let them perishe. O lorde,
from thy sight and presence.

Beate them downe, that
they be not able to stand: ne-
uer giue ouer, untill thou
haue

Psalmes.

hane utterly destroyed them.

Make their mates barcke
and flippie: and let thyne an-
gell fierly goe vpon them.

And thou, O Lorde God,
haue mercie vpon me: sende
me helpe, and then I shal be
able to resist them.

For I am weake and in
sorrow: giue thou me health
and saluation.

Let thy hande correcte and
chastise me: But deliuer me
not vnto myne enemies.

My soule is filled with the

psalms. Ps. liij. scō.

The Kynges

scoorning, and derision that
myne enemies haue at me:
and with the despitefahennesse
of the proude.

My soule is cleane discour-
aged within me: it groweth
and fretteth in it self against
me: yet will I trust in thee:
for that I shal certaynes giue
thee thanks againe for the
help and saluation that thou
sendest me.

For thy verie truthe now
helpe me. O thou which art
my health, and the hope and
comfort

Palmer.

comfort of all regions of the
earth, and of the mayne
Sea.

Whiche by thy power ru-
led fro the beginning: thine
eyes beholde all thynges.

What God is there but
thou? What is so strange as
thou our God?

In thy protection I will
trust untill iniquitie be pas-
sed and gone.

In thee, I shall bee strong
and sure for evermore.

Ps. lxxviii. I will be

The Kyn ges

The .xj. Psalme.

Of confidence and
trust in God.

O Lord, whiche art my
light and my health: of
whom shal I be afrased:
O Lord thou art the strength
of my life: in thee I will euer
truste.

For like as the Hearte
(when he is chased) coneteth
to the riuers of water: euen
so (O Lord) my soule desi-
reth to be with thee.

My

our soule thirsteth to bee
with thee: For with thee is
the fountaine of life, and re-
creation in aduersitie. **Psalm**
**Here in this world is la-
bour and paine: Calamitie,
and miserie.**

**Wee have battaile daie-
ly with enemies: wee have no
rest here so long as we live.**

**But when for ever we put
our truste in thy helpe: then
we shal be sure by thy protec-
tion: Saiyng vnto thee, thou
art our defence, our refuge,**

Psalm

Ps. v.

and

The Kynges

about God, and in thee we
truste.

Thou shalt deliver me fro
the snare of the hunter
and from the perilles of my
pursuers.

Thou shalt make a sha
dow of me under thy shul
ders: and under thy winges
I shall be harbored.

Thy truth shall bee my
shield and buckler: and no
enill shall appoche nere un
to me.

And therefore if my ene
mies

mies ſhal warre againſt me
that thei ſhal denounce me
wholie: yet I will not flee,
nor turne my backe.

Although neuer ſo ſtrong
enemies ſhal pitche their ef-
tes againſt me, my hart ſhal
not bee affraid: If death ſu-
denly come vpon me, in that
will I reſt without feare.

Thou ſhalt hide me in thy
Tabernacle, in the tyme of
aduerſitie thou ſhalt hide me
in ſome ſecrete place of thy
tent: thou ſhalt ſette me v-
pon

The Kynges

pon a sure rocke: and thou shalt lifte me vp aboue myne enemies: besieging me rounde aboute: and thou shalt deliuer me out of their handes.

If I shall walke in hundres of tribulation, thou shalt kepe me, and shalt stretch forth thy hande against mine enemies: and thy right hande shall saue me.

O Lorde, thou shalt doe and bring to passe all thynges for me, thy mercie indueth

Psalmes.

reth ever: thou wilt not de-
spise thy own handy worke.
Thou shalt leade me out
of the net, whiche mine ene-
mies have spread abroad to
catche me in: thou shalt take
me out of their pitte.

How greate be the good
thinges, which thou hast by
done: so them that feare
thee.

Which also thou shewest
to them that truste in thee,
even in the sight of the chil-
dren of men.

Thou

The Kynges

Thou hidest them in the
secrete place of thy counte-
naunce from trouble of ene-
mies and of all their conser-
uations.

O Lozde, what a precious
treasure is thy goodnes: and
men shall truste in thy pro-
tection.

Thei shall bee filled with
the plētfulnes of thy houses:
and thou shalt make them
drinke of thy River of bein-
ties.

Thei shal drinke of the
of

Psalmes. I

of the fountain of life, and in
the light, thou shalt be light.

Thy righteousness is as
the highest mountaines; and
thy iudgements be like vn-
to frowne botomles waters.

Thy mercie stretcheth vp
to the braues; and thy truthe
ascendeth vp to the same.

O Lord God, thou hast
ouer seene age to age been our
refuge and succour.

Before the foundations of
the earth were layed, with-
out beginnyng and ending,

thou

The Kings

My dear Mother, when I was
 a child, you were my friend,
 and you were my teacher,
 and you were my comfort,
 and you were my strength,
 and you were my life.

Y^e will aske toll age, I haue
I haue at my charge of the,
for thou art my protection,
my God, and my saviour.

And therefore what time
so euer I shall bee afraid: I
will trust in thee.

Thou hast time to utter that
 call upon thee: I knowe that
 thou art my God.

Beep

Psalm 138

Kepe thy mercie for me
alwayes: and the conenaunt
that thou haste made with
me, lette it be surely perfor-
med.

And if I haue swarued fro
thy lawe, and not walked in
thy iudgementes.

If I haue broken thy sta-
tutes, and transgressed thy
commaundementes.

Then with thy rod visite
mine offences: and with stri-
pes correte my trespasses.

But take not thy mercie
awaye

The Nyngeth

sworne from me, nor let not
thy promise bee void, and
of none effeate. **Psalm** 124

Break not the coloumant
that thou haste made with
me, & chaunge not that which
hath issued out of thy mouth.

For in thee (**God**) our
health and glorie doeth con-
siste, thou arte our helper, in
whom we doe ever trust.

And this is certaine, that
all they, whiche trust in thee,
shall not be confounded.

For who is he that hath
trusted

Psalm 138

trusted in thee, and is con-
founded:

For thy name sake, o lord,
thou forgiveſt our ſinnes, al-
though they bee many, and

overcome:

Thou arte a ſure ſtate to
them that dread thee: and
thou ſetteſt them thy teſtament.

And unto thee I crye (o
lord) and I beleue, that thou
wilt ſave me, for thy great
mercies ſake.

Thou ſhalt redeeme my
ſoule in peace, fro the towath

R. y. whiche

The Kynges

whiche is to come in the law
daye.

I will offer vp to thee Sa-
crifice of praise & praise: AND
I will render vp my bowes
to thee, which art the high
The wicked watche, and
booke to destroye me: But I
truste in thy mercie.

Thou art my protectour,
and my buckler: my GOD,
my strength, my refuge, and
deliuerer.

I tary and looke for helpe
from thee (O lorde) blessed is
the

the man that trusteth in thee.

O lord, what great pleasures thou hast prepared for me in heauen: that I should not desire any earthly thing, but in thee.

For my most pleasure is to cleave faste vnto thee: and in thee to set my hope and trust.

I commit my spirite vnto thy handes: deliuer me from the powers of darkness of this world. Amen.

Psalm 124. The

psalm of David.

The Kynges

The XLIIII Psalm
of David
help long tyme

O my God my God, how
forsakest thou me: why
tonest thou not by my necessitie.
Shall thy mercie lase for
euer: wylte thou neuer bee
pleased in me?

How long wilt thou be
contented with me, O Lord:
wilt thou kindle thine anger
thoroughly as it were fire?

Wilt thou haue any
regard

O god of our fathers, deliver my soule:

To deliver my life from destruction of enemies.

How long shall I crie, and thou wilt not heare: How long shall I make exclamations of very paine, and thou wilt not saue me:

O lord god of hostes, how long wilt thou be angrie with the prayers of thy seruant:

Come againe vnto me (O God my saviour) & take awaie thine indignation against me.

When thou arte tournd

The Kinges

(D Laude) thou shalt recover
all thynges againe and he that
was in fauour befoze; shall
take ioy and comfort of thee.
¶ Let thy hand be to helpe
meane, for he is thy iust
iudge, whom thou hast exal
ted, and magnified to sette
foz the thy glozie.

¶ Mine enemies line weak
thily and are strong and thei
which hate me, increase and
goe fozward valently.

¶ Thei despise and set at
nought my counsaile, because

Psalmes

I take God for my hope and
comforte.

Thou beate saie to me daily, thou
trusteste in God, let hym be
liuer ther, and save thee: if so
bee that he heare loue and fa-
uour towarde thee.

Thou leape at me as it wer
so many dogges: the compa-
nies of the wicked barke at
me: thou beate my handes and
feete rounde aboute.

O Lorde, goe not farre a-
waie from me: thou art my
strength: make speede to help

R. v. me.

The Kynges

me, good gra: for god's sake

Deliver my soule fro death

and waite fro the rage

of wyddes, god in a floure

kepe me out of the mouth

of lions: and saue me from

the deepe lake.

Thou art bothe holie and

strong, and no man is hable

to resist thee: whē thy anger

is greate and feruent.

Who shall not feare thee

(O Lo:de?) O: whiche of all

princes shall not obey thee?

The earth trembleth and

quaketh

thanketh for fear of thine an-
ger: for the people shall not be
able to abide thy punishing.

Helpe me O Lord God

my nation: and for the glo-

rie of thy name defend me

from all mine iniquities

and from all mine iniquities

myne iniquitie vnto thee: &

myne iniquities greuously are be-
come mine.

and thou art as

my rock and my refuge

helpe me: and defend me

from all mine iniquities.

O Lord my refuge and my

strength,

The Kynges

Strength, whiche hath been
euen a greete helpe in tribu-
lation.

Thou diddest receiue me
into thy tuition, when I came
out of my mothers wombe,
and thou wast my helper,
when I sucked my mothers
breastes.

Thou wast left to thee as long
as I was borne, euen from
my mothers wombe, thou
art my God, and am euen
helped.

Deliver me not from the selfe
same, but from mine aduersary
tribulation

salvation is nere at hand, and
there is none that can help me:

Myne enemies compass me
rounde about my persecutors
besiege me on euery side:

And I am feeble and weak
and doo broken the paine of
my halce maketh me to groan
and sigh.

I am as the water that is
driede for the my strength is
gone, and utterly dried up as
if it were a tile stone:

Haue mercie vpon me (O
Lorde) haue mercie vpon me:
and

The Kynges

and impute not my sinnes
vnto me; which I haue doene
by folle. *psalms 51*

Remembere not thy sin-
nes passed; butte thy merites
present the while; thy mercies
marueilous in thy deale.

I am washed and cleane
out wo:ne: and go mourning
euery daye. *psalms 51*

And now (O Lord) what
lokest after vnto my soule:
loke to thee for helpe.

Shewe mercie and declare
thy goodnesse to me, & with-
holde

Plalmes.

hold not thy hulpe from me.

My soule is replenished
with troubles and aduersi-
ties, and draweth nere vnto
deathes doore.

I am in greafe pouertie
and neede, and my harte is
sore troubled within me.

Cast not me alwaie in the
time of my moste necessitie:
and now when my strength
faileth me, faile not thou me.

O Lord,

Deliuere me from myne e-
nemies: and make me not a
mockyng

The Kynges

mockyng stocke to theim,
that iest and raile vpon me.

Haue me from these roa-
ryng Lions readie to deuour,
and from the hādes of them
that would haue my life frō
me.

I dos crie to thee (O lord)
for thou art my hope, and my
portiō in the lande of liuers.

Bring my soule out of pry-
son, and set my fete in a place
where I maie walke at li-
bertie.

Turne not thy face away
from

Psalmes.

from me; leaste I bee made
like vnto them that discende
into the pitte.

Giue eare vnto my prai-
ers: for I am punished, and
brought very lowe,

Deliver me from my per-
secutours: for thei bee muche
stronger then I.

O Lorde heare me speede:
leaste my spirite faile with
me.

Deliver my soule out of
trouble, and in thy mercie
destroye all myn enemies.

D. J. And

The Kynges

And make them to perithe
whiche would destroye me:
for I am thy seruant. Amē.

The .xiiij. Psalme.

In which he giueth thanks
so god that his enemies haue
not gotten the ouer-
hande of hym.

I will magnifie and praise
thee (O Lorde GOD) for
thou hast exalted me, and
set me vp: and my enemies
haue not gotten the ouer-
hande of me.

O Lorde of hostes, I haue
cried

Psalmes. 11

cried vnto thee: and thou hast
saued me.

Thou hast brought me my
soule out of helle: thou hast
holden me vp from falling
into the depe lake, fro whence
no man retourneth.

Thou hast not closed me
vp in the handes of myne e-
nemies: but thou hast sette
my feete in a place both wide
and broade.

I haue soughte thee, and
thou hast heare me: thou hast
brought me into libertie out

of

The Kynges

of greafe distresse.

Thou hast touned my sorrow into gladnesse: thou hast ceased my mourning, and compassed me rounde about with mirth.

Thou hast declared thy greafe magnificence, in helping thy seruant.

Thou hast doen mercifully with me in my miseries.

Thou hast regarded a paine of the poore: thou hast not turned away thy face from me.

I will euer be singyng and
speakyng

Psalmes.

speaking of thy mercies and
I will publishe to other thy
fidelitie and truthe, so longe
as I shall live.

My mouth shall neuer
cease to speake of thy righte-
ousnesse, and of thy benefi-
tes; whiche bee so many that
I can not number them.

But I will giue thee than-
kes till death take me away
I will sing in þy praise of thee
so long as I shall continue.

I will triumphe and reioyce
in thy mercie, for that thou
D.ij. hast

The Kynges

hast looked vpon my necessities, and regarde my soule in my greate distresse.

Thou hast been my sure refuge, and the strengthe of my trust, and hope.

I thanke thee Lorde for thy goodnesse alwaie: and for thy exccadyng mercie.

Thou hast been my comfort in the tyme of my trouble, thou hast been mercifull vnto me, o lorde, and hast reuenged the wronges y mine enemies haue doen to me.

Accor:

Psalmes.

Accordynge to the multitude of the heauie thoughtes that I had in my mynde, thy comfortes haue cleared and lightned my harte.

Thou haste sente me now ioye, for the daies wherein I was in sorowe: and for the yeres in whō I suffered many a painfull stōrme.

Thou hast called to remembrance the rebuke that thy seruaunte hath been put to: and how furiously mine enemies haue persecuted me.

D. liij.

The Kynges

O lorde god of hostes, who
may be compared vnto thee:
thou art greate and greatlie
to bee praised.

Thou art high vpon al the
earth, thou art exalted farre
aboue all Goddes.

Glorie and honour befoze
thy face: holinesse & magnifi-
cence in thy sanctuarie.

With Justice and Judge-
ment thy roial throne is sta-
blished: mercie and truth goe
befoze thy face.

Blessed art thou (**O** lorde)
whiche

Palmes.

which hast not holden backe
thy mercie fro thy seruaunt.

After that I had long loo-
ked for thee (O Lorde) at the
last thou diddest attende vn-
to me, and heardest my crie.

Thou hast taken me out of
the lake of miserie: and sette
my feete vppon a rocke, and
made my steppes sure.

Thou hast giuen me my
desire: I haue seen thy ioyful
countenaunce.

Thou hast striken all my
aduersaries, and hast abated
D.v. their

The Kynges

their strength.

Thou haste rebuked the
rablement of them that be-
red me: and hast plucked me
foz the of their handes.

Thou haste caste theim
headlyng into their owne pit:
their foete bee wozapped in
the Pette, whiche thei laied
priniely foz me.

Mine enemies are reculed
backe: thei are fallen doune,
and destroyed from thy sight.

Thou hast been the poore
manes defence, and his hel-
per

per in tribulation, whē most
neede was.

Thou haste dooen Judge-
mente for me: thou haste de-
fended my cause against my
accusars.

And although thou were
berie angrie with me a little
while: yet nowe I līue tho-
rowe thy mercie & goodnesse.
Trewely I supposed with my
self, that I was cleane caste
awaie out of thy favour.

But thou haste heard my
praiers: and according to thy
greate

The Kynges

great mercie, hast taken me
again into thy fauour.

O Lorde, of thyne owne
minde and will, thou hast gi-
uen strength vnto my soule:
but whē thou hidest thy face
from me (**O** lorde) how great-
ly was I astonied:

When I was in aduersi-
tie, then I cried vnto thee:
and thou diddest aunswere
me: when my soule was in
greate anguishing and trouble
then (**O** lorde) I did remem-
ber thee.

Psalmes. 1

I haue tasted & seen holde
sweete thou arte: truely blef-
sed is that manne that tru-
steth in thee.

According to thy name, so
is thy commendation & praise:
but thy counsailes touchyng
vs bee without example, and
greater then can with wo-
des be expessed.

Dominio, power, and glo-
rie bee thine: for thou hast
made all thinges: and because
thy will is so: they doo still
continue.

Thy

The Kynges

Thy name be blessed, praised,
and magnified both now
and ever, worlde without
ende. Amen.

¶ The. xiiij. Psalme.

In the whiche the good-
nes of God is praised.

O Lord our gonerour,
how wonderfull is thy
maiestie throughout y^e whol
worlde: whiche haste set thy
glory above all the heavens.

What is manne that thou
magnifieste hym so greatly?

¶

Palme.

Do the sonne man that thou
doest visite hym?

O Lord, thou art greate
and muche to bee praised in
thy holie hill.

Praise bee vnto thee (O
Lord God) let our vowes
made to thee be alwaies per
formed.

Confession and magnifi
cence are thy worke: and
thy righteousness continueth
for evermore.

Thou haste dooen many
thynges (O lord God) woe
maruei

The Kynges

marvellous and greater: and
there is none that can be like
unto thee in thy worke.

Thy wordes be iust & true,
who wil not feare and dread
thee, and magnifie thy name

I thank thee (o lorde God)
with all my barte: and I wil
halowe thy name for ever.

O lorde thou art my strength
and my praise: Thou hast
broughte downe myne ene-
mies, whiche arte a iudge e-
uen from the beginnyng.

Thy right hande is excea-
dyng

thy right hand
worketh many great actes.

Thyne arm is mightie
and strong, and because y^e hath
pleased thee, thou hast streng-
thened myne infirmitie.

I wil praise thy great and
dreadful name: for it is holy.

Although I haue falle, yet
I am not crushed in peeces:
for thou haste susteined my
hande.

I haue opened and shewed
my mouth vnto thee: and in
thee I haue trusted, and thou

The Kynges

at length haſte accompliſhed
my deſires.

Thou haſt broken the he-
des of myne enemies, and
haſte made them to ſcoupe:
whiche walked proude-
ly in
their ſynnes.

Thou haſt dominion ouer
their power, and when they
bee exalted and ſet a loſte in
their waies, thou abateſt
their courage, and deſtroyeſt
the with thy mightie arme.

In thy name, I will ever
reioyce, and in thy merite is
all

Psalmes.

all my glorie.

Thou louest righteousnes
and iudgement: the yearth is
replenished with thy mercy

Thy eye looketh fauoura-
bly vpon the that dread thee,
and trust in thy mercie.

There shall no good thing
be lackyng to them that seke
thee, and thei that feare thee,
shall not be helpelesse.

For thou doest order their
waies, & bearest them when
thei crie vnto thee.

What thou maiest deliuer

Ps. their

The Kynges

their soule from death: and
swage their paines whē thei
be greued.

For thou helpest them,
whose hartes be broke with
sorrowe: and bearest up with
thy hande them that be con-
trite in spirite.

Thou sauest the soules of
thy seruautes, and all thei
that truste in thee, shall not
be destroyed.

Wherefore my tong shall
syng thy praise (O lorde god)
I will alwaies magnifie thee.

I will loue thee (O lord)
whiche art my strength, my
saue, my might, my sauiour
and my refuge.

O my God, my defendoure,
and my buckeler, the strength
of my saluation, and my sup-
porter.

After that I had called v-
pon thee with due laude and
praise, thou haste saued me
from myne enemies.

When I was in trouble I
called vpon thee, thou haste
heard my voice out of thy he-

The Kynges

is temple, and myrrie bath
entred vp into thyn eares.

Thou hast saved me from
myne aduersaries, that rose
vp against me: thou hast de-
liuered me from wicked e-
nemies.

Thou haste taken me fro
the companie of euill menne
and myne eye hath seen vpon
myne enemies, the thynges
that I desired.

And therefore if it should
fortune me to passe thzough
the darcke vale of death: I
will

Plalmes.

will goe without feare: For
thou wilt bee with me, thy
rod and thy staffe shall com-
forte me.

Thou shalt deliver mee
from tribulation: thou shalt
hope me from them, whiche
seek to destroye me.

Thine eyes be vpon thee (O
Lorde) for thou shalt bring
my feete forth of the snare.

Into thee (O Lorde God)
I will performe my vowes,
I will giue thee thākes both
now and euermore: in the

psalm

P. liij. with,

The Kynges

without end. Amen.

The xv. Psalme.

Of the benefites of God,

with thankes for

that wth the same, edist me

My soule prayeth thee
(O God) and at that

is within me, prayeth thy
holle name, with all

my soule, giueth thee humi-
ble thankes, and thy won-
der.

I will neuer forget

thy helpe, thou hast

restored my

life, and thou hast

kept me from all

trouble.

ps. lxxv. 1.

Thou hast delivered me from
all bitterness, and hast
redeemed my life from
death, and hast delivered me
from the hand of mine enemies.

Thou hast satisfied my
desires with good things,
and hast increased my youth
again.

Thou hast intreated me
mercifully, and hast
renewed me of mine
iniquities.

Thou hast been a defence
to me (O Lord) and a sure
foundation of my wealth.

The Kynges

Thou hast guided me with
thy counsaile, and taken me
to thee, through thy mercie.

Thou haste many troubles,
bestowed in me: thy greates
might and power, and after
thyne anger hath been past,
thou hast tourned againe and
comforted me.

Thou hast sent me many
griuous troubles, but at the
lengthe thou haste broughte
me out of the bottomles be-
penesse.

Thou haste made me prai-
se thee.

Plalmes.

me to thy waies, and haste
not hid thy counsailes from
me.

Thou arte full of mercie
and grace. (O Lorde) Be
to us as a Father, and ready to good
nesse.

Thy displeasure lasteth not
alwaie, and thou keepest not
backe thy mercies in thyne
anger for euer.

Thou rewardeste vs not,
acco:dyng to our synnes, nor
punishest vs, acco:dyng to
our delertes.

Looke

The Kynges

1. Looke howe high the hea-
uen is, in comparison of the
ye earth: so greate is thy mer-
cie towarde vs.

2. How farre as the East is
distant from the Weste: so
farre (O Lorde) remoue our
spynnes from vs.

3. Like as a naturall father,
hath pitie vpon his children:
euen so, O Lorde God, thou
hast had compassion vpon vs.

4. Thou hast not forgotten
thy creature: Thou remem-
berest that we are fleshe, yea,
all

Palmer.

all men liuyng.

And that the age of manne
is like vnto grasse, and maie
be compared to the flowers
in the filde.

Whiche as soone as the
sharpe winde hath blown
vpon them with his blastes,
withere a waie & dye, so that
no man can tell where thei
did growe.

But thy mercie, O lord,
and thy louyng kindnesse is
alwaies vpon the that feare
thee: and thy righteousnesse
indureth

The Kynge

indureth for euer.

So that we keepe our promise and couenaunte with thee: and so remember thy commaundementes, that we doe them in Deede.

O Loꝛde, thou hast stablished thy thꝛone in heauen: and thou gouernest all thynges by thy imperiall power

I will magnifie thee, O GOD, and praise thy name worlde without ende.

I will giue thee thanks alwaie, and make thy name glori-

Psalmes.

glorious for euer.

And forde thou art puissant
and great: and thy magnifi-
cence is vnsearcheable.

One generatiō shall shew
to an other thy woꝝkes, and
thei shall declare thyne an-
cient noble actes.

Thei shall euer praise the
magnificence of the glory of
thy holines, and the memo-
rie of thy great goodnesse.

For thou arte good and
gracious to all menne, and
thy mercie spcedeth all thy
woꝝkes.

The Kynges

woorkes.

The eyes of all menne be-
holde, and waite vpon thee:
that thou shouldest geue them
their sustenance in tyme
conuenient.

Thou openest thine hand
and fillest euery liuing crea-
ture with foode necessarie.

Worke, thou arte right
full in all thy waies, and ho-
ly in all thy deedes.

Thou kepest al them that
loue thee, and the torment of
malice shall not touche thee.

By

Psalmes.

My mouthe shall speake
thy glorie and praise, and all
liuyng creatures shall honoꝝ
thy holie name foꝝ euer.

Praise the lord, O ye his
Aungels mightie in power,
whiche doe his commaunde-
mentes, and obeye the voyce
of his woꝝde.

Praise ye altogether God,
O ye all his hostes, you his
ministers, that doe his will
and pleasure.

Praise the Lord, O ye all
his saintes, foꝝ his name is
A. s. glo.

The Kynge

glozious, and his praise go-
eth aboue bothe heauen and
yearth.

Praise the lord together,
O ye, all his woorkes, enery
thyng that lieth, praise ye
the Lord. Amen.

FINIS. XV. PSAL-
MORVM.

2 Psalms. 17

The .xxij. Psalme.

Of Dauid.

The complaint of Christ
on the Crosse.

My God my God, why
hast thou forsake me:
It seemeth that I shal
not obtayne deliuerance,
thoughe I seeke for it with
loude cries.

My God, I will crye all the
daye long, but thou wilt not
answer; and all the nighte
daye long,

The Kynges

longe, without takyng any
reste.

The meane tyme thou
moste holiest, semeſt to sitte
still not caryng for the thyng-
ges that I suffer: whiche so
ofte haſte helped me hereto-
fore, and haſte given to thy
people Iſraell, ſufficient ar-
gumēte and matter to praiſe
thee with songes, wherewith
thei haue given thanks to
thee for thy benefites.

Dur forefathers wer wot
to put their truſt in thee: and

as

Plalmes.

as often as thei did so, thou
diddest deliuer them.

As ofte as thei cried foꝛ
helpe to thee, thei were deli-
uered: as oft as thei commit-
ted theim self to thee, thei
were not put to any shame.

But as foꝛ me, I seem ra-
ther to bee a woꝛme, then a
man: the dunghill of Ada, the
outcast of the vulgar people,

As many as haue seen me;
haue laughed me to scoꝛne,
and rentled me, and shakynge
their heades in derision at

me

The Kynges

me, thei cast me in the teeth,
saiyng: he is wont to boaste
and glozy, that he is in great
fauour with God: wherefoze
let God now deliuer hym, if
he loue hym so well.

By thy procuremente (O
lorde) I came out of my mo-
thers wombe: and thou ga-
uest me good comforte: euen
when I sucked my mothers
breaſtes.

Throughte thy meanes I
came into this worlde: and
as ſone as I was borne, I
was

Plalmes.

was lefte to thy tuition: yea
thou wast my God, when
I was yet in my mothers
wombe.

Wherefoze goe not farre
awaie from me: for daunger
is euen now at hande, and I
se no man that will help me.

Many Bulles haue closed
me in, bothe strong and fat,
thei haue cōpassed me round
about.

Thei haue opened their
mouthe against me, like vn-
to a Lyon that gapeth vpon

¶.iiij. bis

The Kynges

his pzeie , and roareth for
hunger.

I am powzed out like wa-
ter, and all my lymmes loo-
sed one frō thother, and my
harte is melted within me,
as it were ware.

All my strengthe is gone,
and dried vp like vnto a tile
stone , my tongue cleaueth
to the roofe of my mouth:
and at the laste I shal bee bu-
ried in the earth, as the dead
be went.

For dogges haue compas-
sed

Psalmes.

led me rounde aboute : and
the moſte wicked haue con-
ſpired againſt me, thei haue
made holes thꝛough my han-
des and my ſeete.

I was ſo vngently intrea-
ted of them, that I might ea-
ſily nōber all my bones: and
after al the paine & toꝛment
that thei did to me, with gre-
uous countenaunce thei ſta-
red and looked vpon me.

Thei deuided my clothes
among them, and caſt lottes
foꝛ my coate.

¶.v. Where.

The Kynges

Wherefoze Lordes, I be-
seche thee, go not farre from
me: but soz as muche as thou
art my power & my strength
make hast to helpe me.

Deliver my soule fro daun-
ger of the swoorde, and keepe
my life, destitute of all men-
nes helpe, from the violence
of the dogge.

Save me from the mouth
of the Lyon, and take me fro
the hornes of the unioznes.

I will shewe vnto my bre-
thren, the Maiestie of thy
name:

Psalmes. . .

name: and when the people
is moſte aſſembled together
I will praiſe and ſet fooꝛ the
thy moſte woꝛthie actes and
deedes.

All that woꝛſhip the lord,
praiſe hym, all the poſteritie
of Iacob magnifie hym, all
ye that be of the ſtocke of Iſ-
raell, with reverence ſerue
and honour hym.

For he hath not deſpiſed
and ſet at naught the pooꝛe
man, becauſe of his miſerie:
noꝛ he hath not diſdaineſullie
toured

The Kynge's

toured awaie his face from
hym, but rather as sone as
the pooze manne cried vnto
hym for helpe, he heard hym
by and by.

I will praise thee with my
songes openly in a multitude
of people, & I will performe
my vowes in the sight of the
that honour thee.

The pooze shall eate and
bee satisfied: they shall praise
the lord that studie to please
hym: and as many of you as
continue stil suche, your bar-
tes

tes shall liue.

All the endes of the world
shall consider these thinges,
and bee tourned to the lord:
and all heathen nations shall
submit them selues, and doe
homage vnto thee.

For the Lord hath a po-
wer roiall, and an Imperial
dominion ouer the heathen.

The mooste mightie and
greatest of all the that dwell
on the yearth, haue eaten,
and after that thei haue ta-
sted the spirituall giftes of
the

The Kynges

the Lorde, thei haue submitted them self, and made humble suite vnto hym: yea, and all the deade, whiche are buried in the yearth, shal knele and make reuerence in his honour, bicause he hath not disdained to spende his owne life for them.

Thei that shall come after vs, shall honour and serue hym.

These thynges shall be written of the Lorde, that our posteritie maie knowe,

and

Palmes.

and vnderstande them.

That thei also maie come
and shewe these thynges to
the people that shalbe boꝛne
of them, that the Lorde hath
doen these thynges, whiche
be so marueilous.

*A Psalme of than-
kes giuyng.*

*Iubilare deo om-
nis terra.*

Reioyce and syng in the
honour of the Lorde, all
ye that liue on yearth.

Worship

The Kynges

Worshippe and serue the
Lorde with gladnesse, come
into his sighte and p[re]sence
with ioye and mirth.

Acknowledge you, and cō-
fesse, that the Lorde is that
GOD, whiche hath created
and made vs, soz truely wee
made not our self, but we be
his people, and his flocke,
which he nourisheth and feed-
eth continually.

Goe ye thzough his gates
to giue him thākes soz the in-
numerable benefites, which
ye

Palme.

ye haue receiued of hym: and
to syng throughe his courtes,
his warthe adtes and dedes:
praise hym, and highlie com-
mende his name.

For the lord is both good
and gracious, and his mercie
is infinite: he is moſte con-
ſtaunt in keepinge of his pro-
miſes, not to one generation
onely, but euen to all.

A Palme to be ſaid in the tyme of
any common plague, ſickneſſe,
or ſother croſſe and viſi-
tation of GOD.

R. J.

The Kynges

O Come, let vs humble
our selues & fall doorne
before the Lorde with
tenderence and feare.

For he is the Lorde oure
God: and wee are the people
of his pasture, and the sheepe
of his handes!

Come therefore, lette vs
turne againe vnto our lorde,
for he hath smitten vs, and
he shall heale vs.

Let vs repent, and tourne
from our wickednesse; and
our sinnes shalbe forgivē vs.

Let

Psalmes.

Lette vs tourne, and the
Lorde will tourne from his
heauie wrathe, and will par-
don vs, & we shall not perish.

For wee knowledg our
fault, and our finnes be euer
before vs.

Wee haue sore prouoked
thyne anger, O Lorde, thy
wrathe is wahren hofte, and
thy heauie displeasure is sore
kindled against vs.

Thou haste in thyne indi-
gnatio stricken vs with gra-
uous sicknesse, and by and by

R.g. we

The Kynges

wee haue fallen as leaues,
beaten downe with a behe-
mente winde.

In dede we acknowledge,
that all punishmentes are
lesse then our deservynges:
but yet of thy mercie Lorde,
correcte vs to amendement,
and plague vs not to our de-
struction.

For thy hand is not short-
ned, that thou canst not help
neither is thy goodnesse aba-
ted, that thou wilt not hear.

Thou haste promised, O
Lorde,

Psalmes.

Lozde, that afoze wee crye,
thou wilt heare vs: whilest
wee yet speake, thou wilt
haue mercie vpon vs.

Foꝛ none that trust in thee
shal bee confounded: neither
any that call vpon thee shal
be despised.

Foꝛ thou arte the onely
Lozde, who woundeste, and
doest heale againe, who kil-
lest and reuiueste, byngeste
euē to helle, and byngeste
backe againste.

Dur fathers hoped in thee,
K. iij. thei

The Kynges

thei trusted in thee, and thou
diddest deliuer them.

Thei called vpon thee, and
were helped: thei put their
truste in thee, and were not
confounded.

O Loꝝde, rebuke not vs in
thyng indignation, neither
chasten vs in thy heauie dis-
pleasure.

O remember not the syn-
nes, & offences of our youth:
but accoꝝdyng to thy mercie
thinke thou vpon vs, o loꝝde
foꝝ thy goodnes.

Haue

Psalmes.

Haue mercie vpon vs, O
Lorde, for we are weake: O
Lorde heale vs, for our bo-
nes are beryed.

And now in the beration
of our spirites; and the an-
guishe of our soules, wee re-
member thee, and wee crye
vnto thee: heare Lorde, and
haue mercie.

For thyne owne sake, and
for thy holte names sake, in-
cline thyne eare, and heare,
O mercifull Lorde.

For we doe not polvze out
K. iij. our

The Kynges

our prayers befoze thy face,
trustyng in our owne righ-
teousnesse: but in thy greate
and manifold mercies.

Wathe vs throughe frō
our wickednesse: and clense
vs from our synnes.

Tourne thy face from our
synnes, and put out all oure
misdoedes.

Make vs cleane hartes, O
God: and renewe a right spi-
rite within vs.

Helpe vs, O God of our sal-
uation, for the glorie of thy
name:

Psalmes.

name: Deliver vs, and bee
mercifull vnto our synnes,
for thy names sake.

So we that be thy people,
and shepe of thy pasture, shal
giue thee thanks for ever,
and will alwaies be shewing
for the thy praise, from gene-
ration to generation.

Glozy be to the father. &c.

As it was in the begin. &c.

A Psalm of thankesgiuing, for de-
liuerance from the plague, or a-
ny other kinde of sickness
trouble, or affliction.

R. v. Lozde

The Kynges

Lorde, thou arte become
gracious vnto thy lande,
thou hast turned alwaie the
afflictions of thy seruantes.

Thou hast taken a waie al
thy displeasure, and tourned
thy self from thy wrathfull
indignation.

For if thou lord, hadst not
helped vs, it had not failed
but our soules had been put
to silence.

But when wee saied our e
xete hane slipped, thy mer-
cie, O lord, helped vs vp.

In

Psalmes.

In the multitude of the sorowes, that wee had in our hartes, thy comfortes haue refreshed our soules.

Our soules waited still vpon the lord, our soules hanged vpon his helpe, our hope was alwaies in hym.

In the Lordes woorde did wee reioyce, in Gods woorde did we comfort our selues.

For the lord saied: call vpon me in the tyme of trouble, and I will heare thee, and thou shalt praise me.

So

The Kynges

So when we were poore,
nedie, sickly, and in heuines,
the lord cared for vs: he was
our help and our saviour, ac-
cording to his worde.

In our aduersitie and di-
stresse, he hath lifte vp our
heades, and saued vs fro vt-
ter destruction.

He hath deliuered our sou-
les from death, he hath fedde
vs in the tyme of dearth, he
hath saued vs from the noy-
some pestilence.

Therefore wil we offer in
his

Psalmes.

his holie temple, the oblatiō
of thankesgiuing with great
gladneſſe: we will ſyng, and
ſpeake pꝛaiſes vnto the lord
our ſauour.

We wil giue thanks vn-
to the lord: for he is gracious,
and his mercie indureth for
euer.

The Lord is full of com-
paſſion and mercie, long ſuf-
feryng, plenteous in good-
neſſe and pitie.

His mercie is greater then
heauens, & his gracious good-
nes

The Kynges

nes reacheth vnto y cloudes.

Like as a father pitieth his owne childzen: euen so is the Lord mercifull vnto theim that feare hym.

Therefore will we praise thee and thy mercies, O God: vnto thee will wee syng, O thou holy one of Israell.

We will syng a new song vnto thee, O God: wee will praise the Lord with Psalmes of thanks giuyng.

W^e syng praises, syng praises vnto our GOD: W^e syng praises

Plalmes.

praises, syng praises vnto
our kyng.

For God is the king of the
earth, sing praises with vn-
derstandyng.

Wee will magnifie thee,
O GOD our kyng, we will
praise thy name for euer and
euer.

Euery daie will wee giue
thākes vnto thee, and praise
thy name for euer and euer.

Our mouth shall speake
the praises of the Lorde, and
let all flethe giue thanks to
his

The Kynges

his holie name for ever and
ever.

Blessed be the Lorde God
of Israell for ever: and bles-
sed bee the name of his Ma-
iestie, wylde without ende.
Amen.

Glorie be to the father, &c.
As it was in the begin, &c.

FINIS.



*The Queenes.
praiers*

Or

*Meditations: wherein
she mynde is stirred to
suffer all affli-
ctions here.*

*Imprinted at
London, by W.
Wykes.*

Colloss. iij.

¶ If ye bes risen againe
with Chriſte, ſeke the thynges
whiche are aboue, where
Chriſte ſitteth on the righte
hande of God: ſette your af-
fection on thynges that are
aboue, not on thynges which
are on the yearth.



Praiers.

Moste benyng Lorde
Iesu, graunte me thy
grace, that it maie al-
waie worke in me, and per-
seuere with me vnto the ende.

Graunte me, that I maie
euer desire and will that,
whiche is moste pleasaunte,
and moste acceptable to thee.

Thy will bee my will, and
my will be to folowe alwaie
thy will.

Lette there bee alwaie in
me one will, and one desire
with thee, and that I haue

A. y. no

The Queenes

no desire to will, or not to
will, but as thou wilt.

Forde thou knowest what
thynges is moſte profitable,
and moſte expedient for me.

Giue therfore what thou
wilt, as muche as thou wilt,
and when thou wilt.

Doe with me what thou
wilt, as it ſhall pleaſe thee,
and as ſhalbe moſte to thine
honour.

Put me where thou wilt,
and freely doe with me in all
thynges after thy will.

Thy

Thy creature I am, and in
thy bandes, leade and turne
me where thou wilt.

Loe, I am thy seruaunte,
readie to doe all thinges that
thou commaundest. For I de-
sire not to liue to my self, but
to thee.

10. **Lo, O Lord Jesus, I praise thee,**
graunte me grace, that I ne-
uer set my harte on the thin-
ges of this worlde, but that
all worldly and carnall affe-
ctions, shal be utterly dye, and
be mortified in me.

an R

A. iiij.

Grant

The Queones

Grant me aboue al thinges, that I maie rest in thee, and fullie quiete and pacifie my harte in thee.

For thou lozde art the verie true peace of harte, and the perfecte rest of the soule: and without thee, all thynges be greuous and vngitet.

O my lozde Iesus, I beseeche thee, bee with me in euery place and at all tymes, and let it bee to me a speciall solace, gladly for thy loue too lacke all wo:ldly solace.

And

Praiers.

And if thou withdraue co-
forte from me at any tyme,
keepe me, O lorde, from de-
spiration, and make me pa-
ciently to abide thy will and
ordinaunce.

O Lorde Iesu, thy Judge-
mentes be righteous, and thy
prouidence is muche better
for me, then all that I can
imagine or deuise.

Wherefore do with me in
all thynges, as it shall please
thee: for it maie not bee but
well, all that thou dost.

A.ittj. 31

The Queenes

If thou wylte that I be in
light, be thou blessed, if thou
wylte that I be in darknesse,
be thou also blessed.

If thou vouchsaue to com-
fort me, be thou highly bles-
sed: If thou wilt I lye in trou-
ble, and without comfort, be
thou likewise euer blessed.

Lord, giue me grace glad-
ly to suffer, whatsoeuer thou
wylte shall fall vpon me, and
patientely to take it at thy
hande good and badde, bitter
and sweet, ioye and sorowe:

and

Praiers.

and for all thynges that shal
befall vnto me, hartely too
thanke thee.

Kepe me lord from sinne
& I shall then neither dread
death nor hell.

What thanks ought I
to giue vnto thee, which hast
suffered the greuous death
of the Crosse, to deliuer me
from my synnes, and to ob-
tain euerlastyng life for me.

Thou gaueste vs mooste
perfecte example of pacience
fulfyllinge and obeying the

A. v. Will

The Queenes

will of thy father: euen vnto
the death.

Make mee wretched syn-
ner, obediently to vse my self
after thy will in all thinges,
and patiently too beare the
burde of this corruptible life.

For though this life be te-
dious, and as an heauie bur-
den to my soule: yet neuer-
thelesse through thy grace,
and by example of thee, it is
now made muche more easie
and cōfōrtable, then it was
before thy incarnation and
passion.

Praiers.

passion. Thy holie life is our waie to thee, and by followyng of thee, we walke to thee that art our heade and saviour: and yet except thou haddest gone before, and shewed vs the waie to everlastyng life. Who would indevoure hym self to followe thee: Seeyng we bee yet so slowe and dull, hauyng the light of thy blessed example, and holie doctrine to lead and direct vs.

O Lord Iesu, make that possible by grace, that is too
me

The Queenes

me impoſſible by nature.

Thou knoweſt well that
I maie litte ſuffer, and that
I am anone caſte doune, and
ouerthrowen with a litte
aduerſitie: wherefore I be-
ſeeche thee, O lord, to ſtreng-
then me with thy ſpirit, that
I maie willingly ſuffer for
thy ſake al maner of trouble
and affliction.

Lozde, I will knowledge
vnto thee all myne vnright-
teouſneſſe, and I will coſeſſe
to thee all the unſtableneſſe
of

of Praiers.

of my hart:

Oftentymes a berie little thing troubleth me sore, and maketh me dull, and slowe to solve thee.

And sometyme I purpose to stande strongly but when a little trouble commeth, it is to me great anguise and griefe, and of a righte little thyng riseth a geenous temptation to me:

Yea, when I thynke my self to be sure and strōg, and that (as it seemeth) I have the
upper

The Queenes

upper hande: sodainly I feele
my self readie to fall with a
little blasse of temptation.

Behold therfore good lorde
my weaknesse, and consider
my frailtie best known
to thee.

Haue mercie on me, and
deliuer me from all iniquitie
and synne, that I bee not in-
tangled therewith.

Oftē tymes it greueth me
soze, and in maner consoun-
deth me, that I am so vnsta-
ble, so weake, and so fraile,
in

Praiers.

in resistyng sinfull motions.

Whiche althoughe they drawe me not alwaie to consent, yet neuerthelesse their assaults bee verie greuous vnto me.

And it is tedious to me to lide in suche battaill, albeit I perceiue that suche battaile is not vnprofitable vnto me.

For thereby I knowe the better my self, & mine owne infirmities, and that I must seke help onely at thy handes.

O lord God of Israel, the
louer

The Queenes

louer of all faithfull' soules,
vouchsafe to beholde the la-
bour and sorrowe of me thy
poore creature.

Assiste me in all thynges
with thy grace, & so strength
me with heauenly strength
that neither my cruell ene-
mie the fiende, neither my
wretched fleshe (whiche is
not yet subiecte to the spirit)
haue victorie or dominion o-
uer me.

O what a life maie this be
called, where no trouble, no
miserie

iniferie lacketh: Where e-
uery place is full of snares of
moztall enemies?

For one trouble or temp-
tation ouerpasse, an other
cometh by and by, and the
firste conflict yet durynge, a
new battaile sodenly ariseth

Wherefoze I orde Iesu, I
praise thee giue me the grace
to rest in thee aboue al thin-
ges, and to quiete me in thee
aboue all creatures, aboue al
glozie and honour, aboue all
dignitie and power, aboue al

W. j. cunningg

The Queenes

cunning & policie, aboue all
healthe and beautie, aboue
al riches and treasure, aboue
all toyce and pleasure, aboue
all fame and praise, aboue al
mirth and consolation that
mannes harte can take or
feele besides thee.

For thou Lorde God, art
best, moste wise, moste high,
moste mightie, moste suffici-
ente, and moste full of good-
nesse, moste swete, and most
comfortable, moste faire, most
louyng, moste noble, moste
glorious,

glorious, in whom all good-
nesse moste perfectly is.

And therfore, whatsoeuer
I haue beside thee, it is no-
thyng to me: For my harte
maie not rest, ne fully be pa-
cified, but onely in thee.

O Lorde Iesu, moste lo-
uynge spouse, who shall giue
me wynges of perfecte loue,
that I maie flie vp fro these
worldlic miseries, and reste
in thee.

O when shall I ascende to
thee, and see and feele howe
W. y. Sweete

The Queenes

sweete thou art.

When shall I wholie gather my self in thee, so perfectly, that I shal not for thy loue feele my self, thee onely aboue my self, and aboue all wo;ldlie thynges, that thou maiest vouchsaue to visite me in suche wise, as thou doest visite thy moste faithful louers.

Now I often mourne and complaine of the miseries of this life, and with sorow and greate heauinesse suffer the.

Praiers,

For many thynges hap-
pen daiele to me, whiche of-
tentymes trouble me, make
me heauie, and darken mine
vnderstanding.

Thei hinder me greatly
and put my minde from thee
and so incoimber me many
waies, that I can not freely,
and clearely desire thee, ne
haue thy swete consolations
which with thy blessed sain-
tes be alwaie present.

I beseeche thee, Lorde Je-
su, that the figbynges, and
B.iiij. inward

The Queenes

inward desires of my harte,
maile mone and incline thee
to heare me.

O Iesu, king of ever lasting
glorie, the ioye and comforte
of all Christian people, that
are wandring as pilgrimes, in
the wilderness of this world
my harte crieth to thee by
still desires, and my silence
speaketh vnto thee, & saith:
how long tarleth my Lorde
God to come to me.

Come, O Lorde, and visite
me: for without thee I haue
no

no true ioye, without thee,
my soule is heauie and sad.

I am in prison and bounde
with Fethers of sorowe, till
thou, O lord, with thy gra-
tious p: fered boughsase too
diffe me, and to bryng me a-
gaine to libertie, and ioye of
spirite, & to shewe me thy fanou-
rable countenance vnto me.

Upon my hart, lord, that
I maie beholde thy lawes,
and teache me to walke in
thy commaundementes.

To spake me to know and fo-

The Queenes

loved thy will, and to have al-
waies in my remembrance
thy manifold benefites, that
I hate yelde due thanks to
thee for them.

But I know ledge, and co-
fesse for truth, that I am not
hable to giue thee conuynge
thanks of the least benefite
that thou hast giuen me.

O loue, all giftes and ver-
tues, that any man hath in
bodie, or soule, naturall, or
supernaturall, be thy giftes,
and come of thee, and not of
our

Praiers.

our self, and thei declare the
greate riches of thy mercie
and goodnesse vnto vs.

And though some haue mo
giftes then other, yet thei al
procede from thee, and with-
out thee, the leaste can not
be had.

Lord, I accompt it fo
a great benefite, not to haue
many worldly giftes, wher-
by the laude & praise of men
might blinde my soule, and
deceiue me.

Lord, I knowe that no
man

B. v.

The Queenes

man ought to bee abashed, or
miscontente, that he is in a
lowe estate in this worlde,
and lacketh the pleasures of
this life: But rather to bee
glad, and reioyce thereat.

For so muche as thou hast
chosen the poore and mecke
persons, and sache as are de-
spised in the worlde, to bee
thy seruantes, and familiar
freindes.

Witnesse bee thy blessed
Apostles, whom thou madst
chefe Pastours, and spiri-
tuall

Praiers.

tnall gouernoꝝ of thy flocke
whiche departed frō the con-
saile of the Jewes, reioysyng
that thei were compted woꝝ-
thy to suffer rebuke foꝝ thy
name.

¶ Euen so O Loꝝde, graunte
that I thy sernaunt maie be
as well content to bee taken
as the least, as other be to be
greatest, & that I be as well
pleased to bee in the loweste
place, as in the higheste, and
as glad to be of no reputatiō
in the woꝝlde foꝝ thy sake,

as

The Queenes

as other are to bee noble and
famous.

Lozde, it is the woozke of
a perfecte man, neuer to se-
questre his minde from thee,
and emong many wordelie
cares to go without care: not
after the maner of an idle or
a dissolute person, but by the
pzerogative of a free mynde,
alwate myndyng heauenlie
thynges, and not by ino:di-
nate affectiō to any creature
I beseeche thee therefore
my Lozde Jesu, kepe me frō
the

Praiers.

the superfluous cares of this
wozld, that I be not inquie-
ted with bodilie necessities,
ne that I be not taken with
the voluptuous pleasures of
the wozld, ne of the fleſhe.

Preſerue me frō all thyn-
ges, whiche hinder my ſoule
healt, that I bee not ouer-
throwen with them.

O Lorde God, whiche art
ſweetenes, vnſpeakable, turn
into bitterneſſe to me, all
wozldlie and fleſhly delites,
whiche moughte drawe me
from

The Queenes

fro the loue of eternall thinges,
to the loue of thozte, and
vile pleasure.

Let not fleshe and blond o-
uercome me, ne yet þe worlde,
with his vaine glorie deceiue
me, no: the kinde, with his
manifold craftes supplante
me: But giue me ghostly
strength in resistyng them,
patience in sufferyng them,
and constancie in perseue-
ryng to the ende.

Giue me for all worldlie
delectations, the most swete
conso-

Prayers. I

consolation of thy holy spirit,
and for al helpe lone indue
my soule with feruente lone
of thee.

Make me strong inwardly
in my soule, & cast out therof
all vnp2ofitable cares of this
wo2lde, that I bee not ledde
by vnstable desires of yearth
ly thynges, but that I maie
repute all thynges in this
wo2lde (as thei be) transito-
ry, and some vanishing away
and my self also with them,
drawing toward mine ende.

For

The Queenes

For nothyng under the
Sunne maie long abide, but
all is vanitie, and affliction
of spirite.

Giue me Lorde, therefore
heauenlie wisdom, that I
maie learne to seke and find
thee, and aboue all thynges,
to loue thee.

Giue mee grace to with-
draue me, from them that
flatter me, and pacientlie to
suffer them, that vniustlie
griue me.

Lorde when temptation,

Praiers.

or tribulation cometh vouch
safe to succoure me, that all
maie tourne to my goodlie
comfort, and paciētly to suf-
fer, and alwaie to saie, thy
name be blessed.

Lozde, trouble is now at
hande, I am not well, but I
am greatly vexed with this
present affliction, O moste
glozious father, what shall I
doe? Anguish and trouble
are on euery side, helpe now
I beseeche thee in this houre,
thou shalt bee lauded and

C. i. prai.

The Queenes

praised, when I am perfectly
made meke befoze thee, and
when I am clerely deliuered
by thee.

Maye it therefore please
thee to deliuer me, for what
maie I moske sinfull wretch
doe? Or whether maie I goe
for succour but to thee?

Giue me paciencie now at
this tyme in all my trouble,
helpe me, Lorde God, and I
shal not feare ne dread, what
troubles soeuer fall vpon me.

And now what shall I say
but

Praiers.

but that thy will bee doen in me? I haue deserued to bee troubled & grieued: and therefore it behoueth, that I suffer as long as it pleaseth thee.

But would to God that I mighte suffer gladly, till the furious tempestes wer ouer passed, and that quietnesse of harte might come againe.

Thy mightie hande lord is strong inough to take this trouble from me, and to aswage the cruell assaults thereof, that I bee not ouer.
C. y. come

The Quenes

come with the, as thou haste
ostentymes doen befoze this
tyme, that when I am clere-
ly deliuered by thee, I maie
with gladnes saie: the right
hande of him that is highest,
hath made this chaunge.

Lo2de graunt me thy syn-
guler grace, that I may come
thether, where no creature
shall let me, ne keepe me fro
the perfect beholding of thee.

Fo2 as long as any transi-
tozie thyng kepeth me back,
o2 hath rule in me, I maie
not

Praiers.

not frely ascende to thee.

O loꝛde, without thee, no-
thyng maie longe delite oꝝ
please: foꝛ if any thing should
be likyng & sauourie, it must
be thꝛough help of thy grace,
seasoned with y^e spice of thy
wisedome.

O euerlastyng light, farre
passyng all thynges, sende
down y^e beames of thy bꝛight
nesse from aboue, and purifie
and lighten the inward par-
tes of my harte.

Quicken my soule, and all
C. iij. the

The Queenes

the powers thereof, that it
maie cleaue fast, and bee ioy-
ned to thee in ioyfull gladnes
of ghostly rauishynges.

¶ When shall that blessed
howze come, that thou shalt
visite me, and glad me with
thy blessed p^{re}sence, whē thou
shalt be to me al in al: verely
vntill that tyme come, there
can be no perfect ioye in me.

But alas, myne old man,
that is in my carnall affecti-
ons liue still in me, & are not
cructified, noꝝ perfectly dead.

¶ Foꝝ

Praiers.

For yet striveth the fleſhe
againſt the ſpिरite, and mo-
ueth greate battaile inward
ly againſt me, & ſuffreth not
thy kyngdome of my ſoule
to live in peace.

But thou good lord, that
haſte the Lordſhip ouer all,
and power of the Sea, to al-
ſwage the rage, and ſurges
of the ſame, ariſe, and helpe
me, deſtroye the power of
myne enemies, whiche al-
waies make battaile againſt
me, ſhewe forth the great

C. liij. nes

The Queenes

nes of thy goodnesse, and let
the power of thy right hande
be glorified in me. For there
is to me none other hope no:
refuge, but in thee onely my
Lorde, my God: to thee bee
honor and glory everlasting.

O Lorde, graunt me, that
I maie wholie resigne my
self to thee, and in all thynges
to forsake my self, and
patiently to beare my crosse,
and to folowe thee.

O lorde, what is man, that
thou vouchesaueste to haue
mynde

Praiers.

minde of him: & to visit him.

Thou arte alwaie one, alwaie good, alwaie righteous and holie, iustlie and blessedly disposyng all thynges after thy wisdom.

But I am a wretch, and of my self alwaie readie, and prone to euill, and doe neuer abide in one state, but many tymes do varie and chaunge.

Neuerthelesse, it shall bee better with me, whē it shall please thee: for thou, O lord, onely art he, that maiest help

C. v. me

The Queenes

me, and thou maiest so confirme, and stablish me, that my harte shall not be chaunged from thee, but bee surely fixed, and finally rest, and be quieted in thee.

I am nothing els of my self but vanitie befoze thee, an vncostaunt creature, and a feeble: and therefore, wherof maie I rightfully glorie? Why should I loke to be magnified?

Who so pleaseth hym self without thee, despiseth thee:
and

Praiers.

and he that deliteth in mennes praisynge, looseth the true praise befoze thee.

The true praise is to bee praised of thee: and the true ioye is to reioyce in thee.

Wherefoze thy name (O lord) be praised, & not myne.

Thy woꝝkes be magnified and not myne, and thy goodnesse bee alwaies lauded and blessed.

Thou arte my glorie, and the ioye of my harte, in thee that I glorie and reioice, and
not

The Queenes

not in my selfe, noꝛ in any
worlddie honour oꝛ dignitie,
whiche to thy eternall gloꝛy
compared, is but a shadowe
and a verie vanitie.

O Lorde, we liue here in
greate darkenesse, and are
sone deceiued with the vanti-
ties of this worlde, and are
sone greened with a little
trouble, yet if I could behold
my self well, I should plain-
ly see, that what trouble so
euer I haue suffered, it hath
iustly comen vpon me, because

Praiers.

I haue ofte sinned, and grieuouſly offended thee.

To me therefore confuſion and deſpite is due: but to thee laude, honour, and glorie.

Loꝛde ſende mee helpe in my troubles, foꝛ mans helpe is little woꝛthe.

How often haue I been diſſappointed, when I thought I ſhould haue founde frendſhip: And how often haue I founde it, where as I leaſte thought?

Wherefoꝛe it is a vaine thing
to

The Queenes

to truste in man: for the true
truste and healthe of man is
onely in thee.

Blessed be thou lordether
fore, in all thynges that hap-
peneth vnto vs, for wee bee
weake & vnstable, sone decei-
ued, and sone chaunged fro
one thyng to an other.

O Lord God moste righ-
teous iudge, strong, and pa-
ciente, whiche knoweste the
frailtie, and malice of man,
be thou my whole strengthe
and cōfort in all necessities:

for

Praiers,

for myne owne conscience
(Lorde) sufficeth not.

Wherefore, to thy mer-
cie I dooe appeale, seruing no
man maie be iustified, ne ap-
peare righteous in thy sight,
if thou examine hym after
thy iustice.

O blessed mansion of thy
heauenly citie, O moste cle-
rest daie of eternitie, whom
the night maie neuer darkē.

This is the daie alwaie
cleare and mearie, alwaie
sure, and neuer chaungyng
his

The Quenes

his state.

Would too God this daie
mighte shortly appeare, and
shine vpon vs, and that this
worldly phantasies were at
an ende.

This daie shineth cleare-
ly to thy Sainctes in heauen
with everlastynge brighte-
nesse, but to vs pilgrimes in
pearth, it shineth obscurely,
and as thzough a mirror or
glasse.

The heauenlie Citeztus
knows how to yous this daie
is.

is: but we outlawes, the chil-
dren of Que; wepe and waile
the bitter tediousnesse of our
date, that is, of this presente
life, short and euill, full of so-
rowe and anguiſhe. 155

Where manne is oftenti-
mes deſiled with ſynne, ena-
coyred with affliction, inqui-
eted with troubles, & whorpe
dirties; buſied with vani-
ties, blinded with errors,
ouercharged with labour,
betted with temptations; ou-
uercome with vaine delites

156

D. J. and

The Queenes

pleasures of the worlde, and
grounslie toymented with
penurie and neede.

W, whē shall the'nde come
of all these miseries?

When shall I bee clearly
delivered from the bondage
of synne.

When shall I (lorde) haue
onely minde on thee, & fullie
be glad and merie in thee.

W, be shall I be free, with-
out lettynge, and be in perfect
libertie, without grief of bo-
die and soule.

When

Praiers.

When shall I haue peace
without trouble: peace with
in and without: and on eue-
ry side stedfast and sure?

O. Lord Iesu, when shall
I stand and beholde thee: and
haue full sighte and contem-
plation of thy glorie?

When shalt thou bee to me
all in all: And when shall I
be with thee in thy kingdome
that thou haste ordeined for
thyne electe people from the
beginnyngs of the world?

I am lefte here poore, and
D. y. as

The Queenes

as an outlatue, in the lannes of
mythe enemies, where daily
be battailes, and greafe mis-
fortunes.

Comforte myne exile, as
stronge thy sorowes, for althow
doubt is to be with thee.

It is to me an vnipleasant
burden, what pleasure soeuer
the world offereth me here.
My desire is to haue intwarde
direction in the soul, but I can not
attaine thereto, as I should.

I couet to cleane cast out
vniuersall thynges, but would

am .p. 1

ly

by assent is do which my minde
 sheweth wards. But it doth
 not. I would subdue a euill af-
 fectiō; but thei daily rebell
 and rise against me, and will
 not be subiect vnto my spirit.
 Thus, I wretched creature
 fight in my self, and am grie-
 uous to my selfe; while my
 spirite desireth to be vpward
 and contrary my fleshe dra-
 weth me downward. In all
 this, what suffer I inward-
 ly? I go about to mynde hea-
 uenly thynges, and straight

D. is. a

The Quenes

A greates rable of woꝛthele
thoughts rush into my soule.

Wherefoꝛe, Lorde, be not
longe a waie, ne departe not
in thy wynthe from me.

Sende me the light of thy
grace, deſtrote in me all car
nall deſires.

Sende ſoꝛth the hotte fla
mes of thy loue, to burne and
conſume the cloudie phanta
ſies of my mynde.

Gather, O Lorde, my wit
tes & the powers of my ſoule
together in thee, and make
me

Praiers.

me to despise al worldly thinges, and by thy grace strongly to resist and ouercome all motions & occasions of sinne.

Help me, thou everlasting truthe, that no worldly gile noꝝ vanitie hereafter, haue power to deceiue me.

Come also, thou heauenlie sweetenes, and let all bitterness of sinne flæ farre frō me.

Pardō me, and forgive me as ofte as in my praier, my mynde is not surely fixed on thee.

D. iij. For

The Queenies

For many tymes I am
not there, where I stande, or
sitte: But rather there, whi-
ther my thoughtes eary me.
For there I am, where my
thoughtes bee, and there as
customable is my thought,
there is that, that I loue.

And that oftentimes com-
meth into my minde, that by
custome pleaseeth me beste,
and that delieth me mooste
to thinke vpon.

Acco:dyngly as thou doest
saie in thy Gospell: where as

a

A mannes treasure is, where
is his harte.

Wherefore if I loue hea-
uon, I speake gladly thereof,
and of suche thinges as be of
God, and of that, that apper-
taineth to his honor, & to the
glozifyng of his holie name.

And if I loue the worlde, I
loue to talke of worldly thin-
ges & I hope anone in worl-
ly felicitie, and sorowe and
lamēt soone for worldlic ad-
uerſitie.

If I loue the fleſhe, I ima-

D. v. gine

The Queenes

gine ostentymen that, that
pleaseth the fleshe.

If I loue my soule, I be-
like muche to speake, and to
beare of thynges, that be for
my soule healthe.

And whatsoeuer I loue, of
that I gladly beare, & speake
and beare the Images of the
still in my mynde.

Blessed is that man, that
for the loue of the Worlde, set-
teth not by the pleasures of
this worlde, & learneth tru-
ly to ouertome hym self, and
with

Praiers.

with the fauour of the spirit,
crucifieth his fleſhe, ſo that
in a cleane and a pure conſci-
ence, he maie offer his prai-
ers to thee, and bee accepted
to haue company of thy bleſ-
ſed Angels, al yearthly thin-
ges excluded from his harte.

Lozde, and holie father, be
thou bleſſed now & euer: for
as thou wilte, ſo is it dooen,
and that thou dooſt, is al-
waie beſte.

Lette me thy humble and
vnwoꝛthie ſeruaunte, ioye
onely

The Queenes

onely in thee; and not in my
self; ne in any thyng els be-
side thee.

For thou Lorde; arte my
gladnes, my hope, my crown,
and all my honour.

What hath thy seruant,
but that he hath of thee; and
that without his desert?

All thynges be thine, thou
hast created and made them.

I am poore, and haue been
in trouble and pain; euer fro
my youth, and my soule hath
been in greate heauines tho-
rowe

Praiers.

rothe manifeste passion, that
come of the worlde, and of
the fleshe,

Wherfore, Lord, I de-
sire that I maie haue of thee,
the ioye of inward peace:

I aske of thee, to come to
that rest, which is ordeined
for thy chosen children, that
bee vsed and nourished with
the light of heavenly comfort;
for without thy helpe, I
can not come to thee.

Lord, giue me peace, giue
me inward ioy, and then my
soule

The Queenes

soule shalbe full of heauenly
melody, and be deuoute, and
seruente in thy laudes and
praisynge.

But if thou withdrau thy
self from me (as thou haste
sometyme doon) then maie
not thy seruante runne the
waie of thy commaundme-
tes, as I did befoze.

For it is now with me, as
it was, when the Lanterne
of thy ghoslye presence, did
shyne vpon my heade, and I
was defended vnder the sha-
dowe

Praiers.

bowe of thy winges from all
perilles and dangers.

O mercifull Lorde Iesu,
euer to be praised, the time is
come, that thou wilt proue
thy seruante, and rightfull
is it, that I shall now suffer
some what for thee.

Now is the houre come,
that thou hast knowen from
the beginning, that thy ser-
uant for a time should out-
wardly be set at naught, and
inwardly to leane to thee.

And that he should be des-
pised

The Queeres

piſed in the ſight of a ſtraight,
and be broken with affliction
that he may after ariſe with
thee in a newe light, and be
clarified, and made glorious
in the kyngdome of heauen.

1. O Godfather, thou haſt ordeined it, ſo to bee, and it is
doen as thou haſt commaunded.

2. This is thy grace (o lord)
to thy freinde, to ſuffer hym
to be troubled in this worlde
for thy loue, be to offe ſo euer
it be, and of what perſone ſo
euer it be, and in what ma-
ner

Praiers.

ner so euer thou wilt suffer it
to fall vnto him: for without
thy wil or sufferance, what
thing is doen vpon the earth?

It is good to me (O lord)
that thou hast mekened me,
that I maie thereby learne
to knowe thy righteous iud-
gements, and to put from
me all manner of presumptiō
and stoutelinese of harte.

It is very profitable for me
that confusion hath couered
my face, that I maie learne
therby rather to seke to thee

The Queenes

for help & succor, then to mā.

I haue thereby learned to
dread thy secret and terrible
iudgements, whiche scour-
geste the righteous with the
synner, but not without e-
quitie and iustice.

Lozde, I yelde thanks to
thee, that thou haste not spa-
red my synnes, but haste pu-
nished me with scourges of
loue, and hast sent me afflic-
tio and anguishes within and
without.

No creature vnder beane
maie

Praiers.

maie comforte me, but thou
(Lorde GOD) the heauenly
leache of mans soule, which
strikeste and healest, whiche
bryngeest a manne nigh vnto
death, & after restorest hym
to life againe, that he maie
therby learn to knowe his
owne weakenesse and imbeci-
litarie, and the more fullie to
trust in thee (Lorde.)

Thy discipline is laied vpon
me, and thy rodde of cor-
rection hath taughte me, and
vnder that rod I wholie sub-

C.ij. mit

The Queenes

mit me.

Strike my backe and my bones, as shall please thee, and make me to bowe my crooked will, vnto thy will.

Make me a meeke and an humble disciple, as thou hast sometime doen with me, that I maye walke after thy will.

To thee I commit my self to bee corrected: for better it is to bee corrected by thee here, then in tyme to come.

Thou knowest all thynges, and nothing is hid from thee

Praiers.

thee, that is in mannes conscience.

Thou knoweste all thynges to come befoze thei fall, and it is not nedefull, that any man teach thee, or warne thee of any thing that is doen vpon the yearth.

Thou knowest what is profitable for me, & how much tribulatiōs helpen to purge awaie y rust of synne in me.

Do with me after thy pleasure, I am a sinfull wretche, to none so well known as

C.ij. to

The Queenes

to thee.

Grant me (lozde) that to knowe, that is necessarie to be knowen: that to loue, that is to be loued: that to desire, that pleaseth thee: that to regard, that is precious in thy sight: and that to refuse, that is vile before thee.

Suffer me not to iudge thy misteries after my outward senses, ne to giue sentence after the hearing of the ignorant, but by true iudgemēt to discerne thynges spirituall:
all:

Praiers.

all: and aboue all thinges, al-
waie to searche, and followe
thy will and pleasure.

¶ **L**orde Iesu, thou art all
my richesse, & all that I haue
I haue it of thee.

But what am I (lord) that
I dare speake to thee? I am
thy poore creature, & a worm
moſte abiecte.

Beholde Lorde, I haue
nought, and of my self I am
nought woꝛth, thou art one-
ly God, righteous and holie,
thou ordeſte all thynges,
C.iiij. thou

The Queenes

thou giuest all thynges, and
thou fulfilldest all thynges
with goodnesse.

I am a synner, barren and
boide of godlie bertue.

Remember thy mercies,
and fill my harte with plen-
tie of thy grace, for thou wilt
not that thy woꝝkes in me,
should be in vaine.

How maie I beare the mi-
serie of this life, excepte thy
grace & mercy do cōfort me?

Tourne not thy face from
me, deserte not the visitynge
of

Praiers.

of me, ne withdra we not thy
comfortes, least happely my
soule be made as drie yearth
withouth the water of grace.

Teache me loꝛde to fulfill
thy will, to liue mekely, and
woꝛthelie before thee, soꝛ
thou art all my wisedom and
cunnyng, thou arte he that
knoweste me as I am, that
knowest me before y world
was made, and before I was
boꝛne, oꝛ bꝛoughte into this
life to thee (O Loꝛde) bee ho-
nour, gloꝛie, and praise foꝛ e-

C. b. uer

The Queenes

uer and euer. Amen.

Laus deo in eternum Amen.

*A deuoute praier to
bee saied daiely.*

O Almighty and eternall
God, which boughsauest
that we as it were heauenly
childzen, should euery one of
vs call thee our heauenly fa-
ther: Graunt that emong vs
be purchesse, and example of
innocent life, thy moste holy
name may be sanctified, that
all other nations, beholding
our

Prayers.

our goodnesse and vertuous
deedes, that thou workest in
vs, maie bee stirred to hal-
lowe, and glorifie thee.

Graunt (O lord) that the
kyngdome of thy grace and
mercy, maie reigne continu-
ally in our hartes, so that we
maie be worthe to be parta-
kers of the realme of glorie
and maiestie.

Graunt that vnto the ve-
ry death, we refuse not to fo-
lowe thy deuine will, & that
we, accoꝝdyng to the exam-
ple

The Queenes

ple of the celeſtiall citizens,
agreyng together quietly v-
nited in ſpirit, all controuer-
ſie in opinions laied aſarte,
the luſtes of the fleſhe beyng
ſubdued, and the flatterynge
aſſaultes of the worlde and
the Dewill overcome, neuer
waſtelle againſte thy moſte
holie will, but obeye it in all
thynges. Graunt (O Lorde)
for our bodie needfull ſuſte-
naunce, that wee maie the
more freely ſerue thee. Giue
vs, we beſeeche thee (O mer-
ciſull

Praiers.

cifull father) that heauenlie
bread, the bodie of thy sonne
Iesu Ch:ist, the verie fode &
health of our soules: giue vs
the breade of thy diuine pre-
ceptes, that we maie truely
walke, and liue after them.

Giue vs the breade of the
heauenly woo:de, whiche is
thy strōg buttresse, and sure
defece of our soules, that we
beyng well fedde, and filled
with this fode, may wo:thi-
ly come to the celestial feast
where as is no hunger. Grant

(D)

The Queenes

[O]lde that wee patiently
beare, & suffer our enemies,
and suche as burte vs, and
willingly to forgive the of-
fences committed against vs,
that so wee maie finde thee
lord in forgiving vs our tres-
passes, milde and mercifull.

Grant O lord, that we be
not utterly ledde into tẽpta-
tion, that thereby we should
be loste: but in all perilles of
temptation, and in the mid-
des of the stormy tempestes
and tribulations, let vs thy
children,

Praiers.

chilozen, perceiue and feele
thy fatherly succoure, readie
to helpe vs, least that we (o-
uercome with the naughtie
craftes, and deceiptes of the
temptour) should be drawen
into euerlastyng destructiō:
but when we be well assaied
approued, and purged with
the fire of temptation, then
let vs finishe our course, and
so well and valiauntly fight,
that we maie for euermore,
liue with thee in that hea-
uenly citie, where & against
thee,

The Queenes

thee, whiche no maner temptation can pꝛeuaille. Finally, graunte moſte mercifull father, that we, thꝛough thy benigne goodneſſe, maie bee deliuered from all euils pꝛeſente, and to come, bothe of bodie and ſoule, and that at the laſt, the yoke of the ſoule ſeinde beyng ſhaken of, wee maie poſſeſſe the heritage of the heauenlye kyngdome, whiche thy ſonne, with his pꝛecious bloud bought foꝛ vs thy childꝛen: and there foꝛ euer

Praiers.

uer to haue the fructiō of celestiall delectations, accompanied with Angells, & blessed saines, through the help benignitie, and grace of our sauour Iesu Chyist, to whō, and to thee our father, and to the holie ghost, be glorie and honoꝝ, now and euer. Amen.

An other praier.

O Heauenly father, God almightie, I praise and beseeche thy mercie, benignly to beholde me thy wayward
F. j. thy

The Queenes

thy sernaunt, that I maie by
giste of thy holie spirite, fer-
uently desire thy kyngdom,
that I maie knowe thy will,
and woꝛke thereafter. Giue
me O loꝛde, wisdom. Make
me constaunte, patient, and
strong in thee. Keepe me loꝛd,
from the sleightie inuasiō of
the old wilie serpēt. Defende
me from the counsailes, and
curlynges of euill tongues:
let thy mightie arme bee my
shield againste all the mali-
gnitie of this wicked woꝛld.

Remem.

Praiers.

Remember not (O Lord)
myne offences: instruct, pre-
pare me to repent, to be soꝝ
foꝝ my synnes.

Make me to loue Iustice,
and hate wꝝong, to doe good
and abstain from all euilles:
that I maie be woꝝthie to be
called thy childe.

To thee be honoꝝ and glo-
rie, foꝝ euer and euer. Ame.

A deuoute praier.

O Lord, hearken to my woꝝ-
des, consider the thought
F. y. of

The Queenes

of mine harte. Beholde, how
loude I cry vnto thee: Let
my iuste praier enter into
thyne eares, whiche vnfa-
inedly cometh fro mine hart.
Heare me Lorde: for I am
pooze, and destitute of man-
nes helpe. Take care for my
soule: saue me thy seruante
whiche to bolie trust in thee,
haue mercie vpon me (o Lord)
for I wil neuer cease cryng
to thee for help. For thou art
milde, and more mercifull
then any tong can expresse as
of

Praiers.

often as aduersitie assaileth
me, I will crie and call for
helpe vnto thee: I will call v
pō thee in the daie tyme: and
in the night my crie shal not
bee hidde from thee, O thou
God of the heauens, & maker
of the waters, and lord of al
creatures, heare me a poore
sinner calling vpon thee, & put
tyng my whole truste in thy
mercie. Haue mercie vpon me
for thy manifold mercies
sake forgiue me al mine
offences. Amen.

F. ij. The

The Queenes

The Letanie.

O God the father of
heauē, haue mer-
cie vpon vs mise-
rable synners.

O God the father of heauen.&c.

O God the soonne redemer
of the worlde, haue mercie v-
pon vs miserable synners.

O God the sonne redemer.&c.

O God the holy ghoſt, proce-
ding from the father and the
soonne, haue mercie vpon vs
miserable synners.

O God the holie ghoſt, &c.

O

Praiers.

O holie, blessed, and glorious
trinitie, thzee persones and
one God, haue mercie vpon
vs miserable synners.

O holie, blessed, and glori.&c

Remember not Loꝛde our
offences, noꝛ the offences of
our foꝛefathers, nether take
thou vengeaunce of our syn-
nes, spare vs good loꝛde, spare
thy people, whom thou haste
redemed with thy most pre-
cious bloud, and bee not an-
grie with vs foꝛ euer.

Spare vs good Lorde.

¶.iiij. From

The Queenes

From all euill and mischief,
from synne, from the craftes
and assaultes of the Deuill,
from thy wrathe, and from
euerlastyng dampnation.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

From blindnesse of hart, frō
pride, vainglorie, and hypo-
crite, frō enuie, hatred, and
malice, & al vncharitablenes.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

From fornication, and all o-
ther deadly synne: and from
al the deceiptes of the wo:ld
the fleshe, and the deuill.

Good

Praiers.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

From lightnings and tempestes, frō plague, pestilence and famine, frō battaile and murther, & frō sodain death.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

From all sedition, and priuie conspiracie, from all false doctrine, and heresie, frō hardenesse of harte, and contempt of thy word, and commaundement.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

By the misterie of thy holie incarnation, by thy holie na-

f. v. trinitie

The Queenes

tiuitie and Circumcision, by
thy Baptisme, Fastyng, and
temptation.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

By thyne agonie, and blou-
die sweate, by thy crosse, and
passio, by thy pzeious death,
and buriall, by thy glozious
resurrection, and ascension,
and by the commyng of the
holle ghoste.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

In all tyme of our tribulati-
on, in all tyme of our wealth
in the houre of death, and in
the

Praiers.

daie of iudgement.

Good Lorde deliuer vs.

We synners doe besech thee
to heare vs (O Lorde God)
and that it maie please thee
to rule and gouerne thy holy
Churche vniuersally in the
right waie.

We beseeche thee to heare vs, &c.

That it maie please thee, to
keepe and strength in the true
worshipping of thee, in righ-
teousnesse, and holinesse of
life, thy seruauent Elizabeth
our moste gracious Queene
and

The Queenes

and gouernour.

We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thee, to
rule her harte in thy faith,
feare and loue, and that she
maie alwaies haue assistance
in thee, and euer seeke thy ho-
nour and glozie.

We beseeche thee to heare vs &c.

That it maie please thee to
be her defender, and keeper,
giuyng her the victorie ouer
all her enemies.

We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thee, to
illuminate

Praiers.

illuminate all Bishoppes,
Pastours, and Ministers of
the church, with true know-
ledge, and vnderstandyng of
thy worde, and that bothe by
their preachyng and liuyng,
thei make lette it forth, and
shewe it accordyngly.

We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That it may please thee, to
indue the lordes of the coun-
saile, & all the nobilitie, with
grace, wisdom, and vnder-
standyng.

We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That

The Queenes

That it maie please thee, to
blesse and keepe the Magi-
strates, giuynge them grace
to execute iustice, & to main-
taine truche.

We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thee, to
blesse, & keepe all thy people.

We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thee, to
giue al nations, vnitie, peace
and conoord.

We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thee, to
giue vs an harte, to loue and
Dread

Praiers.

Ozead thee, and diligently to
liue after thy commaunde-
mentes.

We beſeeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thee, to
giue all thy people increaſe
of grace, to heare meekely
thy worde, and to receiue it
with pure affection, and to
bryng forth the fruite of
the ſpirite.

We beſeeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thee, to
bryng into the waie of truth,
all ſuche as haue erred, and
be

The Queenes

be disceined.

We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thee, to
strengthene suche as doe stand,
and to comfort, and help the
weake harted, and to raise
vp them that fall, and finally
to beate downe Satan vn-
der our feete.

We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That it maie please thee, to
succour, helpe, and comforte
all that be in daunger, neces-
sitie, and tribulation.

We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

That

What it maie please thee, to
 preserve all that traivelle by
 lande, & by water, all woman
 labouring of childe, all sick
 persones, and yong children,
 and to shewe thy pitie upon
 all prisoners and captives.

¶ We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

What it maie please thee, to
 defende, and provide for, the
 fatherlesse children, and wo-
 dowes, and all that bee deso-
 late and oppressed.

¶ We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

What it maie please thee, to
 O. f. haue

The Queenes

your mercie vpon all men.

We beseeche thee to heare vs &c.

That it maie please thee, to
forgiue our enemies, perse-
cutours, and flanderers, and
to tourne their hartes.

We beseeche thee to heare vs &c.

That it maie please thee, to
giue and preserue to our bla-
the kyndelic fruites of the
yearth, so as in due tyme we
maie enioye them.

We beseeche thee to heare vs &c.

That it maie please thee, to
giue vs true repentance, so
forgiue

forgiue vs all our finnes, ne-
gligences, and ignorances: &
to indue vs with the grace of
thy holie spirit, to amende
our liues, accordyng to thy
holie woꝛde.

We beseeche thee to heare vs. &c.

Sonne of God: we beseeche
thee to heare vs.

Sonne of God: we beseeche thee to
heare vs.

Lambe of God, that takest
awaye þe finnes of the world.

Graunt vs thy peace.

Lambe of God: that takest
awaye þe finnes of the world.

The Quenes

Haue mercie vpon vs

O Christ heare vs,

O Christ heare vs,

Lord haue mercie vpon vs.

Lord haue mercie vpon vs.

Christ haue mercie vpon vs.

Christ haue mercie vpon vs.

Lord haue mercie vpon vs.

Lord haue mercie vpon vs.

Our father whiche art in he.

And leade vs not into temp-

tation.

But deliuer vs from euill. Amen.

The versicle.

O Lord, deale not with vs

after our synnes.

The

Prayers.

The auntyer.

Neither rewarde vs after
our iniquities.

Let vs praye,

○ God mercifull Father,
that despiseſt not the
ſighing of a cōtrite hart, nor
the deſire of ſuche as be ſo
rowful mercifully aſſiſt our
prayers that wee make be-
fore thee, in all our troubles,
and aduerſities, whē ſoever
they appreſſe vs, & graciouſ-
ly heare vs, that thoſe guils,
whiche the craft and ſubtiltie

¶.ij. of.

The Queenes

of the deuill, or man woꝝketh
againſte vs, bee bꝛoughte to
naught, & by the pꝛouidence
of thy goodneſſe, thei maie be
diſperſed, that wee thy ſer-
uauntes beynge hurte by no
perſecutiōs, maie enermore
giue thākes vnto thee in thy
holie Church, thꝛough Jeſu
Chꝛiſt our Lorde.

O Lorde, ariſe; helpe vs, and deli-
uer vs for thy names ſake.

O God, we haue heard with
our eares, & our fathers haue
declared vnto vs the noble
woꝝkes

Praiers.

wozkes that thou diddest in
their daies, and in the olde
tyme befoze them.

O Lorde, arise, helpe vs, and deli-
uer vs for thine honour.

Glozy be to the father, and to
the sonne, & to the holy ghost
As it was in the beginnyng,
is now, & euer shalbe, wo:lde
without ende. Amen.

From our enemies defende
vs, O Chyiste.

Graciously loke vpo our afflictions
Pitifully beholde the sorowes
of our hartes.

Mercitully forgine the synnes of
G. iiii. thy

The Quene

thy people.

¶ favourably with mercie,
heare our prayes.

O soonne of David, haue mercie
vpon vs.

Bothe now and euer vouch-
safe to heare vs, O Christ.

Graciously heare vs, O Christ.

Graciously heare vs, O lord christ

The versicle.

O Lorde, let thy mercie be
shewed vpon vs.

The answer.

As we doe put our truste
in thee.

Let

Let vs praye.

We humbly beseeche thee
O father, mercifully to
looke vpon our infirmities,
and for the glorie of thy na-
mes sake, turne from vs all
those euilles that wee moste
righteously haue deserued: &
grauante that in all our trou-
bles, we maie put our whole
truste and confidence in thy
mercie, and euermore serue
thee in holinesse, & purenesse
of liuyng, to thy honour and

G. b. glory

The Queenes

glozie, through our onelic
mediatour and aduocate Je-
sus Chyrist our lord. Amen.

A prayer for the Que-
nes Maestie.

O Lord our beatiens fa-
ther, high and mightie
kyng of kynges, lord of lor-
des, the onely ruler of prin-
ces, whiche doest from thy
throne, beholde all the dwel-
lers upon the earth, moste
hertly we beseeche the, with
thy fauor to beholde our most
gracious Soueraigne Ladie
queene

Prayers. d T

quene Elizabeth, and so re-
plenishe her with the grace
of thy holie spirite, that she
maie alwaie incline to thy
will, and walke in thy way:
indue her plentifully with
heavenlie giftes: graunt her
in health and wealth long to
live, strengthe her that she
maie vanquishe & overcome
all her enemies. And finally
after this life, she maie at-
tain everlasting ioye and fe-
licitie: through Iesus Christ
our Lorde. Amen.

Almightie

The Queedes

Almighty and everla-
sting GOD, whiche
only workest greate
marueiles, sende doune vpon
our Bishoppes and Cu-
rates, and all congregacions
committed to their charge,
the healthfull spirite of thy
grace, and that thei maye
truely please thee. Voure
vppon them the continuall
dew of thy blessing, graunt
this, O Lord, for the honour
of our advocate and media-
tour Iesus Christe. Amen.

Adrian

A

A prayer of Christopher

Almighty God, thiche
hast given vs grace at
this tyme with one accord,
to make our common suppli-
cations vnto thee, and doe th
promise, that when thou or
thre be gathered together
in thy name, thou wilt graunt
their requestes, fulfill now,
O Lord, the desires, and pe-
titions of thy seruantes, as
maie be most expedient for
theire, graunt vng vs in this
worlde, knowledge of thy
truth,

The Queenes

truthe, and in the worlde to
come, life euerlastyng. Amen.

16. 215. ii. Corinth. xiii.

The grace of our lord Je-
sus Christe, and the loue
of God, and the felowship of
the holie ghoste, bee with vs
all euermore. Amen.

In the tyme of any common
plague or sickenesse.

O Almighty God, which
in thy wrathe, in the
tyme of kyng Dauid, diddest
slea with the plague of Pe-
silence, three scoze and ten
thou,

Praiers.

thouſande, and yet remem-
bring thy mercie, didſt ſaue
the reſte: haue pitie vpon vs
miſerable ſinners, that now
are viſited with greate ſick-
neſſe, and mortalitie, that
like as thou biddeſt then cō-
maunde thyne Angell too
ceafe from puniſhyng: So it
maie pleaſe thee too with-
draw from vs this plague,
and greivous ſickneſſe:

Through the Jeſus
Chriſte our
Lorde. Amen.

The Queenes

O GOD, whose nature
(157) and properties are met
to haue mercie, and to
forgiue, receiue our humble
petitions, and though torba-
ried, and bounde with the
chaine of our synnes: yet let
the pitifulnesse of thy great
mercie loose vs, for the ho-
nour of Iesus Christes
sake, our mediator
and aduocate.

Amen.

FINIS